

POEMS

AND

SONNETS

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1910



ADELE TOWNSEND STANTON

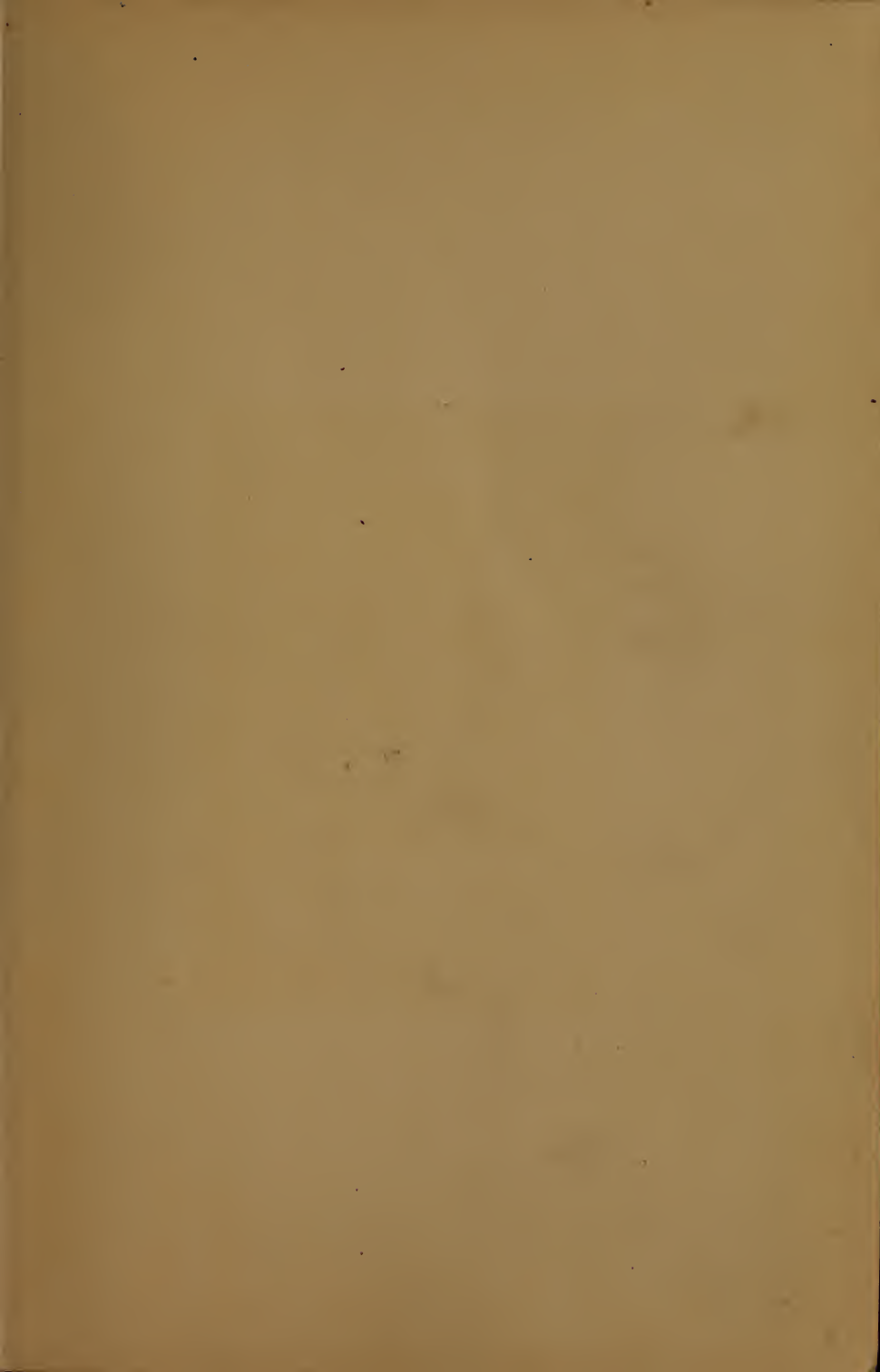


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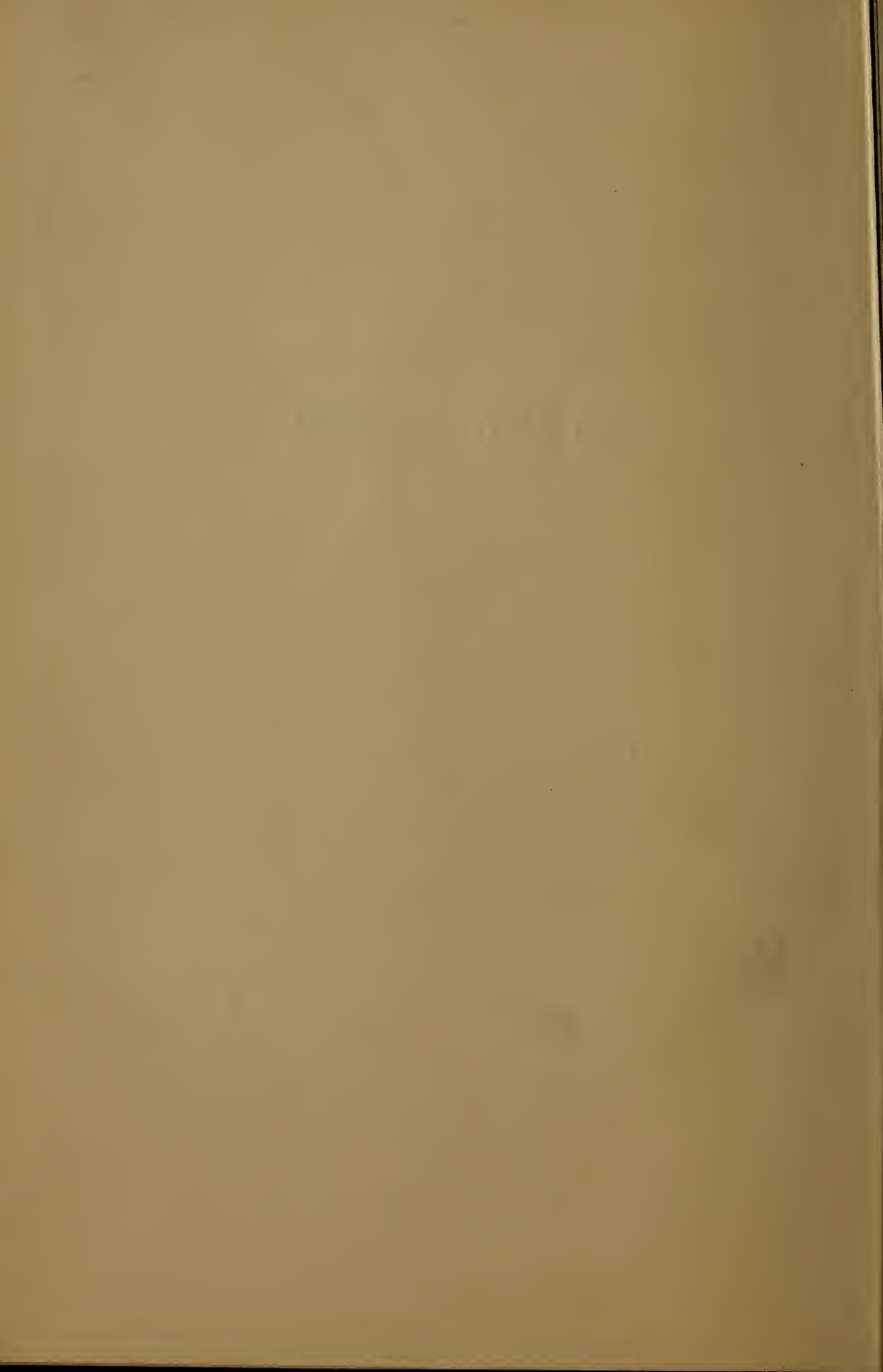








POEMS AND SONNETS





POEMS AND SONNETS  
OF  
ADÉLE  
TOWNSEND  
STANTON



CAMBRIDGE

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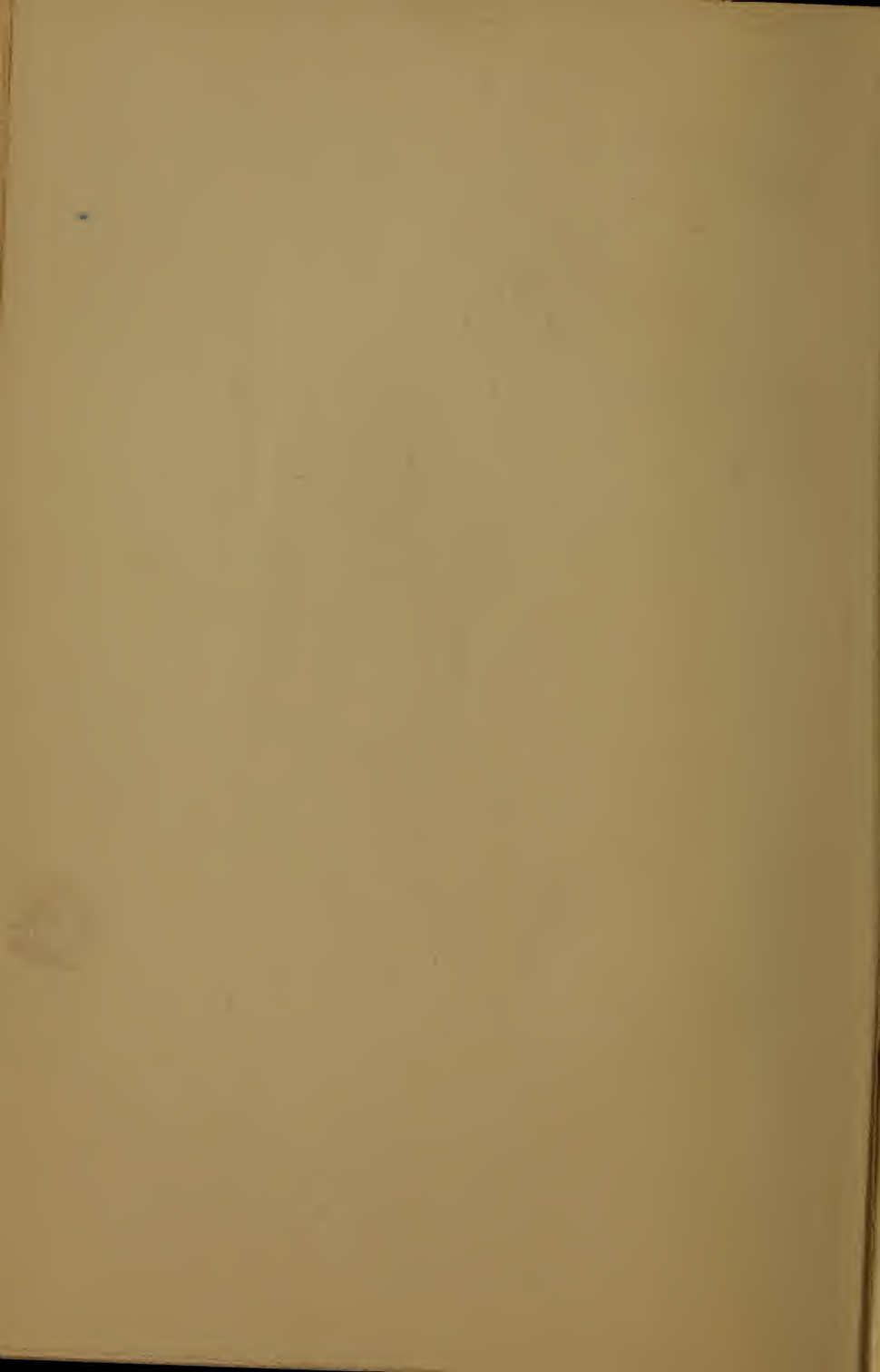
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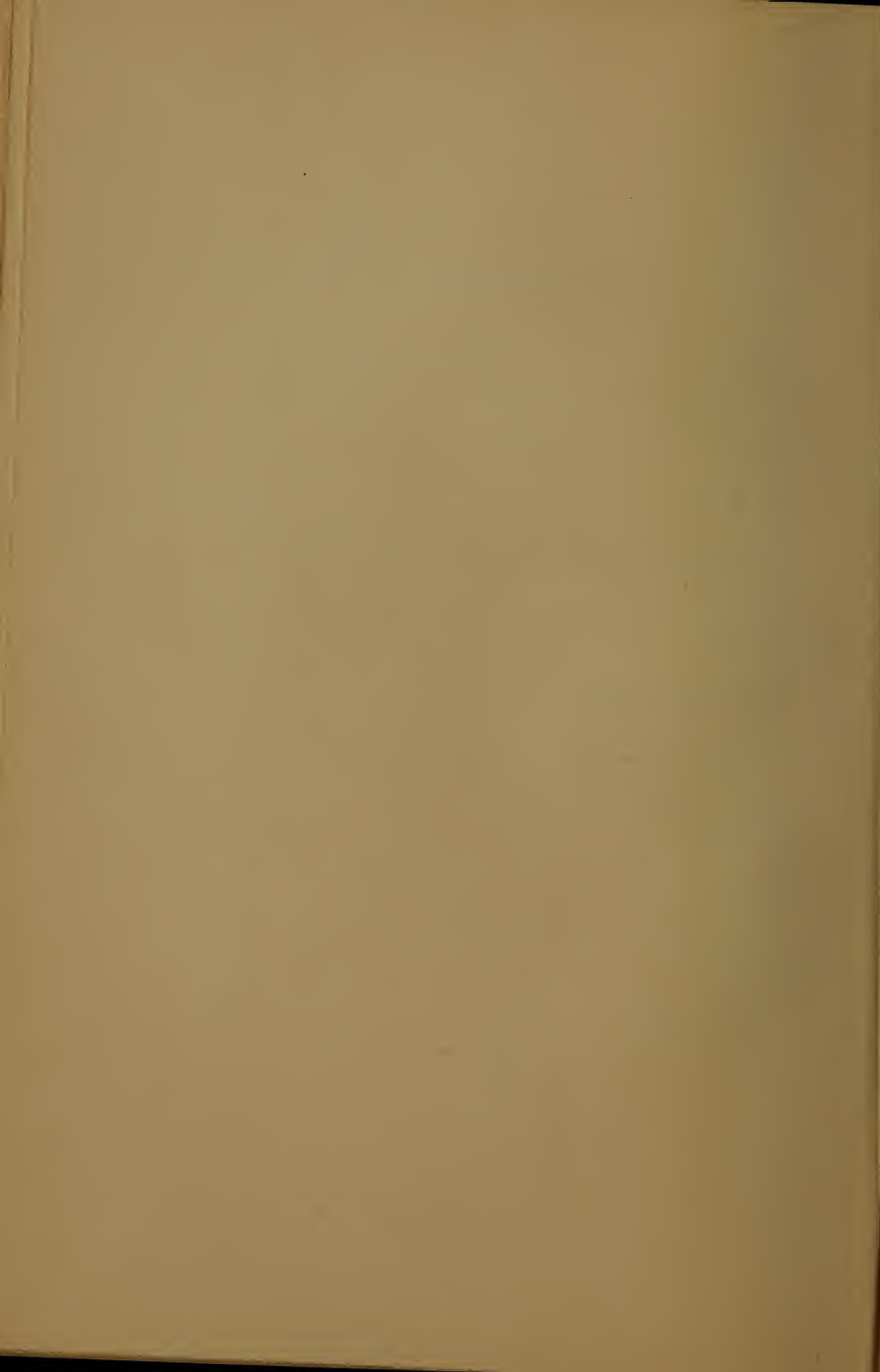
TO  
L. H. S.

*Since thou hast listened gladly to my songs,  
What matter if the great world has not heard  
Nor thrown me for my singing one sweet rose:  
I am content in knowing I have stirred  
Thy pulses to the measure of my rhymes!*  
*Adèle Townsend Stanton*



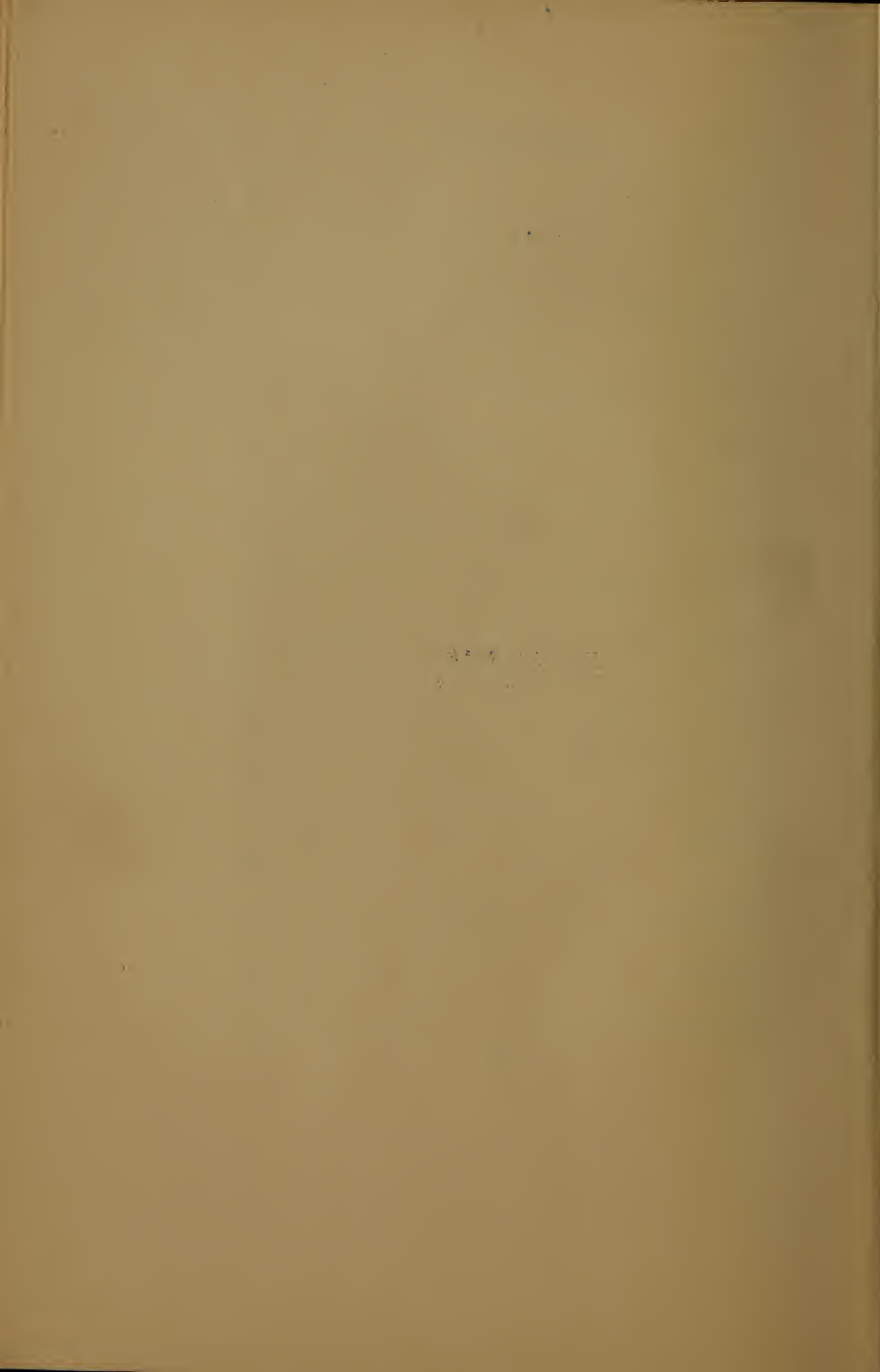
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# POEMS AND SONNETS

## CLOVER

Oh, a song to the clover,  
That sweet field rover,  
Which the bees riot over,  
    Their thirst to stay ;  
In whose depths the shy plover  
Hies to find cover,  
Where maiden and lover  
    And children stray !

Oh, the cool, fragrant places  
Strewn with the graces  
Of the pink and white faces  
    Breathing perfume !  
Where the country wind races,  
Laden with traces  
Of swept-over spaces  
    Of clover bloom !



## TO A BUTTERFLY CAUGHT AT SEA

HAIL, airy wanderer from shore  
To which thou canst return no more,  
Thou hast ill-spced from flower-bed !  
What sportive zephyr here misled

Thy flutterings ?

Or did the sunlight thee beguile  
To leave thy fair Australian isle,  
And brave the vast immensity  
'Twixt reach of sky and stretch of sea,  
On dainty wings ?

Didst thou mistake the billows' sheen  
For undulating meadows green ?  
The foam, wind-blown, by waves off-thrown,  
For white rose petals thickly strewn

Upon the deep ?

Thy tiny strength o'ertaxed, misspent,  
Was given thee to bask content  
Upon some fragrant rose asway,  
There lulled to yield thy life's brief day  
For wakeless sleep !



## MORNING GLORIES IN THE CORN

WHAT a vision sent to gladden and enrapture one  
at morn,

In sad eyes to waken pleasure and move weary  
lips to praise,

Are October fields pale golden with ungarnered  
rows of maize,

Filled with joyous Morning Glories romping in  
the stalwart corn.

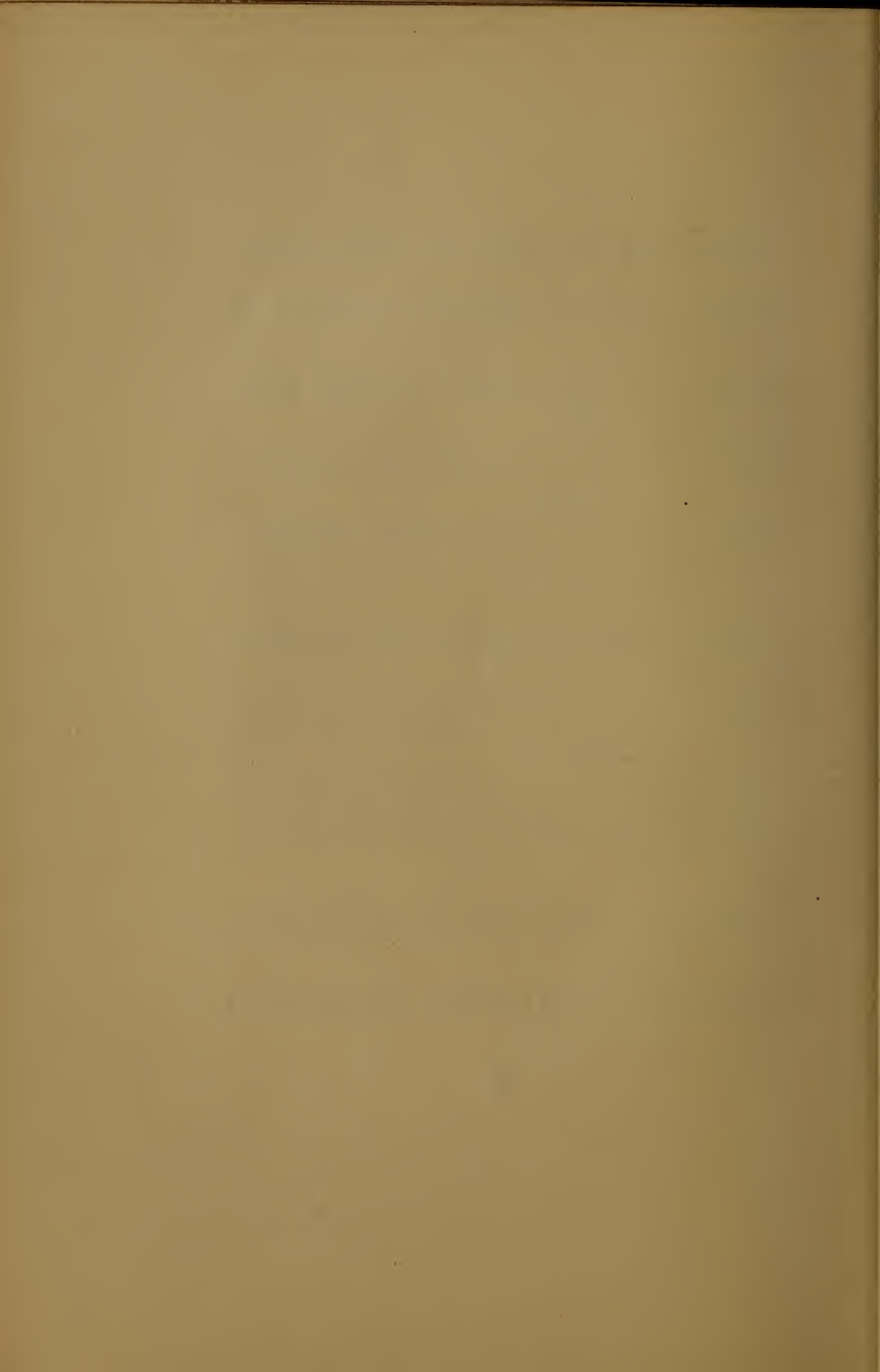
This entrancing host of blossoms not the sternest  
heart could scorn,

White, and pink, the blue with purple intertwined,  
they gaily chase

One another, two together, in a merry, eager race  
Up the stalks to wave in triumph airily above the  
corn.

In this frolic of the flowers is no spot by them  
forsworn,

Everywhere in bright confusion they commingle,  
turn and sway,





## POEMS AND SONNETS

Their abandon joy compelling in the passer-by-  
the-way,  
Who inspired is by the color and the beauty in  
the corn.

The brown earth in countless places doth kind  
Nature thus adorn,  
And her vines and lovely blossoms trail beside  
man's toil-worn road,  
To revive his spirits drooping under sorrow's  
numbing load,  
As do winsome Morning Glories, dainty play-  
mates in the corn.



## MY DUCHESS

HER fair charms my vision greet  
From the far end of the street,  
Whence she nods her graceful welcome as I come,  
And my heart a rapture knows  
In the homage that it owes  
My lady, waiting in expectant pose.

Through the day I see her where  
I shall find her watching there  
For my coming, in attractiveness complete.  
Her sweet winsomeness best shows  
Ever in pink furbelows,  
The reason why so clad she always goes.

None more exquisite than she,  
To my thinking, e'er could be  
And I love her for her dainty, charming self.  
As day wanes impatience grows  
For the favors she bestows —  
My beautiful Duchesse de Brabant Rose.



TO AN OLD FICHU PRESENTED TO  
A YOUNG BEAUTY

SOFT garniture of lawn and lace,  
Thy happy lot was to embrace  
    A Beauty's lovely shoulders,  
And so bewitching make her look  
That love at once possession took  
    Of masculine beholders !

Not yet content with all the woes  
Raised in the breasts of bygone beaux,  
    Thou wouldst repeat the story,  
And clasp another Beauty's form,  
To stir in modern hearts a storm,  
    And win thee later glory.

A lovely Queen of olden France  
Was wont her graces to enhance  
    By wearing such a fichu,  
In fashion that retains her name,  
And which recalls that royal dame  
    From powdered tress to wee shoe !



## POEMS AND SONNETS

Thou wast from further mischief free,  
When folded safely under key  
    In scented darkness lying;  
Time has but added to thy charm,  
And, now released, who knows what harm  
    Will come of thy retying!





## A ROSE SHE GAVE

THE day for me was glorified,  
And just before though I had sighed,  
My heart grew glad again and brave,  
Because to me a rose she gave.

Its sweetness perfumed all the day,  
Its beauty in such fair display  
Made only happy thoughts its slave,  
To bow before the rose she gave !

A simple act of hers, to bring  
About this magic happening,  
And win my thoughts to gay from grave,  
Because to me a rose she gave !

Did she not touch it with her lips,  
And pluck with trembling finger-tips ?  
Ah, heart of mine ! how you behave,  
And leap beneath the rose she gave !



## DAFFODILS

SHE wore a bunch of daffodils  
    Upon her breast,  
And like a yellow daffodil  
    Herself was dressed ;  
Her sunny head above her frills,  
    How like the daffodils !

She handed me her daffodils,  
    When came good-byes,  
And nodding like a daffodil,  
    Bowed 'neath my eyes,  
While from her lips fell sweet "untils,"  
    O'er outstretched daffodils.

I stand before those daffodils  
    That grace my shelf —  
What prettier than a daffodil  
    In bit of delf ?  
A girl's dear face the question stills,  
    Fairer than daffodils !



## POEMS AND SONNETS

Ah, slender bonny daffodils,  
    Where is the peace  
I knew before a daffodil  
    Had bade it cease?  
Since evermore my memory thrills  
    To haunting daffodils!



## LAST NIGHT'S RAIN

AFTER the fall of last night's rain,  
The water-drops lie heavy on the grass,  
And over-spreading boughs drip as I pass  
Beneath the freshened green of moss-hung trees,  
The trysting place of morning and the breeze.  
More brilliant is the sunlight's searching ray,  
The shadows cooler stretch along the way,  
And conscious Nature revels in her gain,  
After the fall of last night's rain !

After the fall of last night's rain,  
How generous the yield of bursting bloom,  
The grateful emanations of perfume,  
The reaching out of tendrils newly grown,  
The springing up of seed-pods lately sown,  
The polished gleam of every dampened leaf,  
The wondrous changes wrought in time so brief,  
The freshness and the verdure which remain  
After the fall of last night's rain !





## POEMS AND SONNETS

After the fall of last night's rain,  
What sweet, insistent odors fill the air !  
Triumphant ring the bird-notes everywhere;  
Where'er the earth the humid bounty caught,  
New miracles on every hand are wrought.  
In this supreme rejoicing of the land,  
Who can the all-compelling joy withstand ?  
What touch of sadness can the heart retain,  
After the fall of last night's rain ?



## A CHRISTMAS HYMN

THE Christmas bells from steeples chime,  
And answering peals the wide world round  
Take up the jubilation of sound,  
In rivalry of bronzed rhyme.

To-day hosannas proudly ring,  
And myriad tapers brightly blaze  
In temples vibrant with the praise  
Of Infant Jesus, Christ and King.

Oh, Sovereign Babe of Christendom,  
Since Wise Men gathered from the East  
In homage of Thy natal feast,  
Have nations worshipful become !

Thou Saviour unto men God-sent,  
On earth shall reign, because of Thee,  
A universal harmony,  
Thy promise and accomplishment !



## THE DRIFTWOOD FIRE

IN the chimney is piled the driftwood aflame,  
Which to watch is delight, for the opaline  
gleam

And marvelous shifting, the splendor and scheme  
Of color at play, now evasive as fame,  
Or now like red daggers thrust upward in ire —  
Oh, vision for dreamers, the driftwood fire !

Here are magical hues which leap into sight,  
That irresolute quiver, then burst into blaze,  
And mingle, then fade through the smoke's  
purple haze,  
To flash up beyond in bewildering light,  
While gazers enraptured look on, till expire  
The luminous tints of the driftwood fire.

Here have copper and rust strange secrets inlaid  
In the wonderful dyes upon wreckage, shore-  
brought,  
And brine of the sea has its miracle wrought,



## POEMS AND SONNETS

While summers and winters have rendered their  
aid

To alchemy's marvels, when tragedy dire  
Had scattered a ship for the driftwood fire.

So under sight-rapture must quicken heart-pain  
For the men who lie drowned in far deeps of  
the sea,

Whose dirges are chanted by winds blowing  
free,

To music of waves breaking white on the main, —  
And majestic and gorgeous, the funeral pyre  
For mariners dead is the driftwood fire!





## SANCTUARY

ABOVE an old Cathedral's massive door

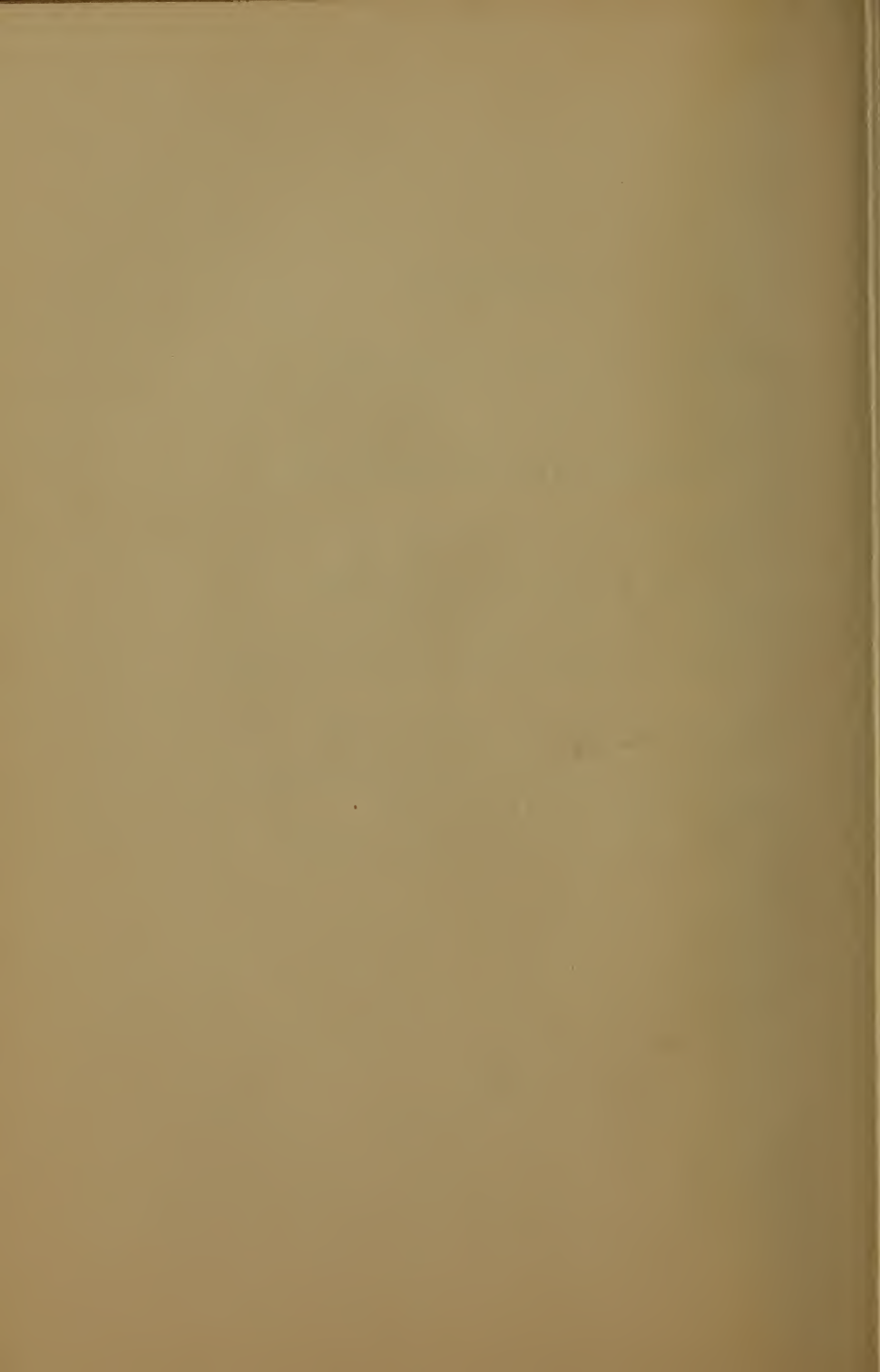
A carven image of the Christus stands,  
And those who enter seem as if they bore  
A blessing from the half-extended hands.

Within the circle of His friendly arm

A timid bird has boldly built her nest,  
Defiant there of any touch of harm,  
Thus held against the gracious Saviour's breast.

Ah, little sparrow, safe from hurt or fall,

How great the wisdom in the truth you teach, —  
That safety lies from evil for us all  
In clinging to the good within our reach !



## IN APRIL

O APRIL, child-month, you are here  
With sunny smile and sudden tear ;  
Of all the twelve I like you best,  
The reason why — my Love has guessed —  
Because 't was April in the year  
When first he said, " I love you, dear ! "

Your pouting skies above us hung,  
Your birds their sweetest music sung,  
Your blossoms, sprinkled at our feet,  
Upward swung their incense sweet,  
That precious April in the year  
When first he said, " I love you, dear ! "

I see you come with gladsome eyes,  
Your smallest charm I over-prize ;  
Because with each returning Spring,  
You fresh to me this memory bring —  
That it was *April* in the year  
When first he said, " I love you, dear ! "



## POEMS AND SONNETS

And with returning April weather  
I never have to wonder whether  
Again he'll whisper in my ear,  
As in that past remembered year,  
He caught me to his heart, to hear  
Those four sweet words, "I love you, dear!"



## CONCESSION

AH, Youth should play the page,  
The pretty, thoughtful page,  
And bend the knee to Age,  
His eager, loyal page !

And Age should spare sweet Youth,  
Be tender of fair Youth,  
For knows not Age, forsooth,  
His crown at last fits Youth ?

Glad Youth knows Age no more  
Is light of heart ; the more  
His grace is to restore  
Some joy Age claims no more.

Ay ! Youth and Age should be  
The most that each could be  
To each, eternally —  
That Youth and Age should be !





## UNTIL

UNTIL we meet — dear heart,  
Be brave and cease to sigh;  
Be true the time we part  
’Twixt now and by and by.

Smile on until we meet,  
And darken not the days  
With prophecies unsweet  
Athwart our parted ways.

“Until,” O fair “until!” —  
A time of promise blest,  
Which you and I must fill  
With all our being’s best.

And, till we meet, to grow  
In thought, in deed, in speech,  
That we shall better know  
How well each loveth each!



## POEMS AND SONNETS

Till then — until we meet —  
By hand-clasps, lips and eyes,  
Remembered days complete,  
We have our Paradise !



## IN OPEN AIR

ACROSS the garden paths the roses nod,  
And every peach-tree wears a conscious blush;  
A fresher verdure paints the quick'ning sod,  
All tender, budding things are green and lush.

Along the bayou's edge the blue flag strays,  
The trailing wild rose points its thorns anew,  
To guard the blossoms coming to its sprays,  
And blooming berry vines the lanes bestrew.

The gladdest time has come of all the year;  
Eternal promise thrills the earth, the air,  
And human doubtings fade and disappear  
With Resurrection written everywhere !



## RESURRECTION

COMES the sun its lustre shedding  
Over earth in warm caressing,  
Touches all things like a blessing,  
Far its Easter brightness spreading.

Hearken to the tones on-swelling  
In the solemn call vibrating  
Of the church-bells iterating,  
“Come ! Come !” with sweet compelling.

Hearken to the glad thanksgiving,  
Alleluias richly blending  
For the grace of Christ ascending,  
Token of the After-Living !

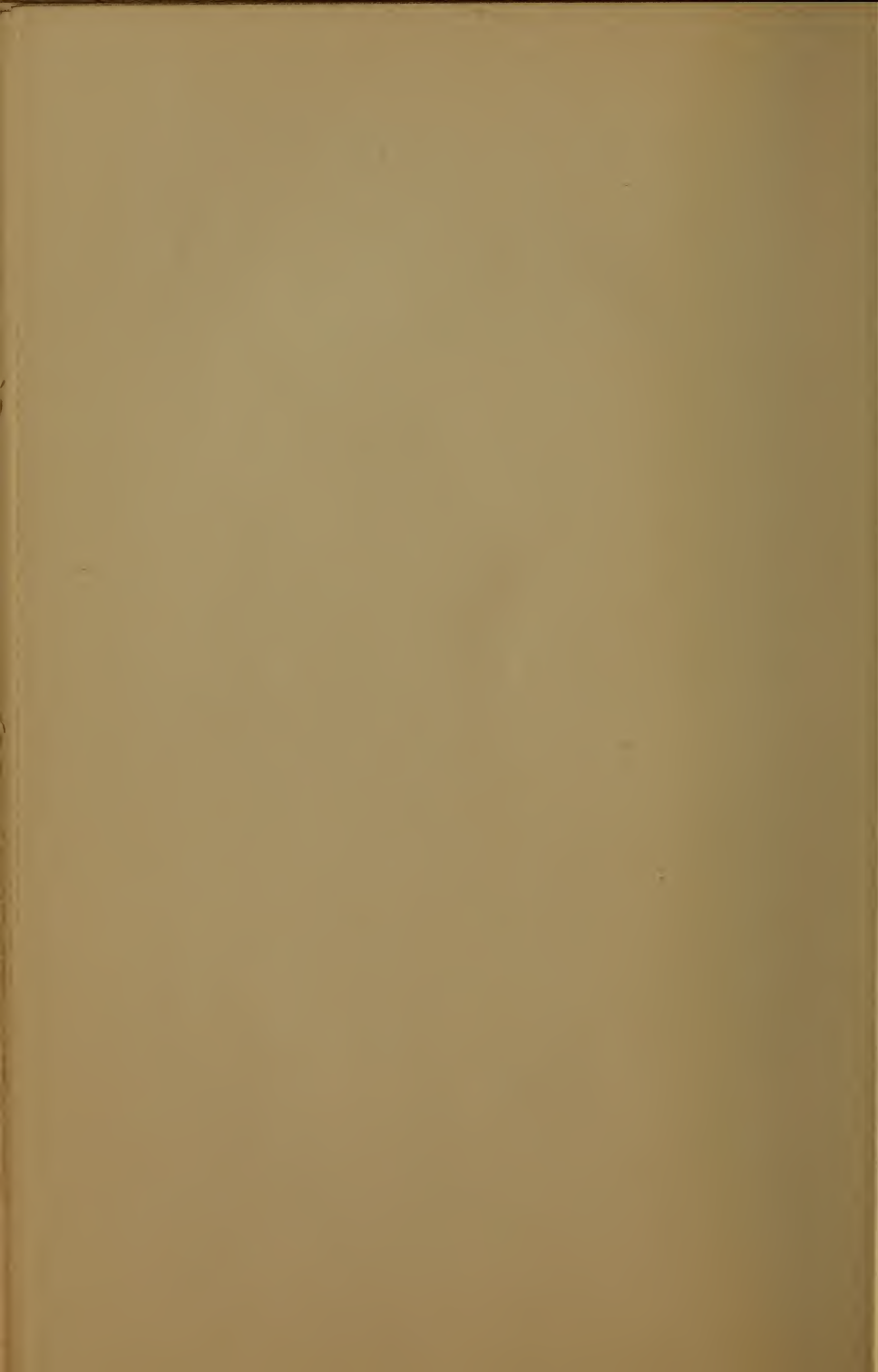
Wealth of growth on earth is springing,  
Bush and vine their blooms increasing,  
Happy-throated birds unceasing  
Flying their joyance forth in singing.





## POEMS AND SONNETS

With its endless depths alluring,  
Over all the sky is leaning,  
And aglow with Easter meaning  
Speaks to Life, of Life enduring.



## PROPHECY

NEVER again can you behold a rose,  
A sweet-lipped rose that blows,  
But straight your heart a sudden memory knows  
Of all our past and me.

No longer can you watch the glinting light  
Of restless stars at night,  
But you will yearn again with wistful sight  
To look once more on me.

No sunbeam but will bring upon its ray  
To you some bygone day,  
When you and I let Time speed on his way  
With an unreckoned loss.

You nevermore the wave-worn beach can tread,  
With foam-white gulls o'erhead,  
But you will feel the touch of moments fled  
Thrilling your hidden thoughts, —



## POEMS AND SONNETS

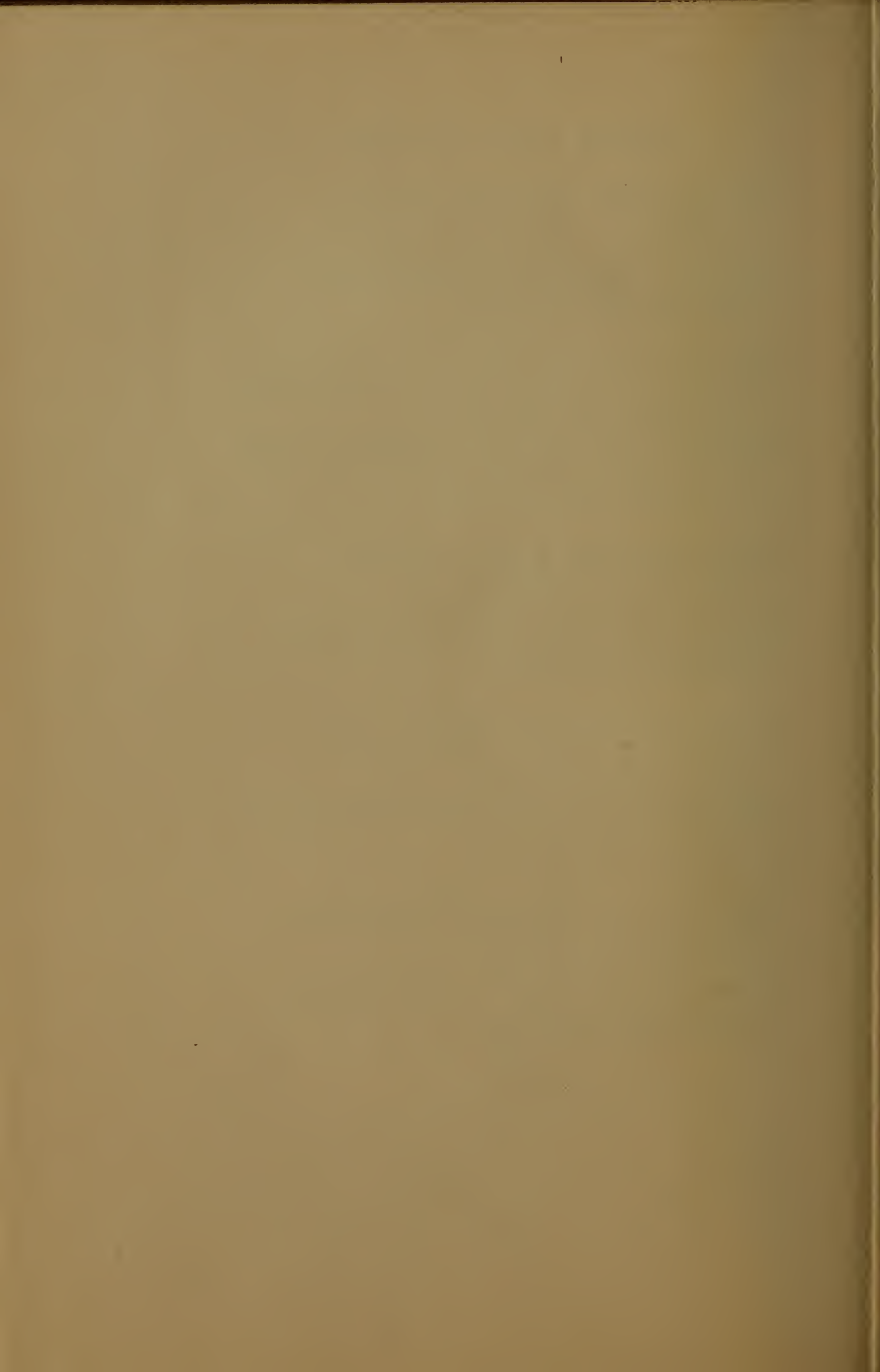
And see a slender figure with you there,  
A fond face, — wind-tossed hair, —  
And hear my accents on the sea-damp air,  
Whoever else may speak.

When rain and cloud shut out the golden mirth  
Of sunshine from the earth,  
Amid the storm's cries, will your heart give birth  
To thoughts that shelter me.

When swung within its airy cradle blue  
The young moon looks on you,  
Dear, vanished moons will rise for you anew,  
Relighting yesternights, —

For oh, dear one, Love's impress is so deft  
Upon Life's tender weft,  
Where falls his touch, warm, lingering dyes are left  
To deepen with the years !

And for all Time will you, on Nature's face,  
Some haunting witchery trace  
Of me, that wards for aye the cherished place  
I claim within your heart !



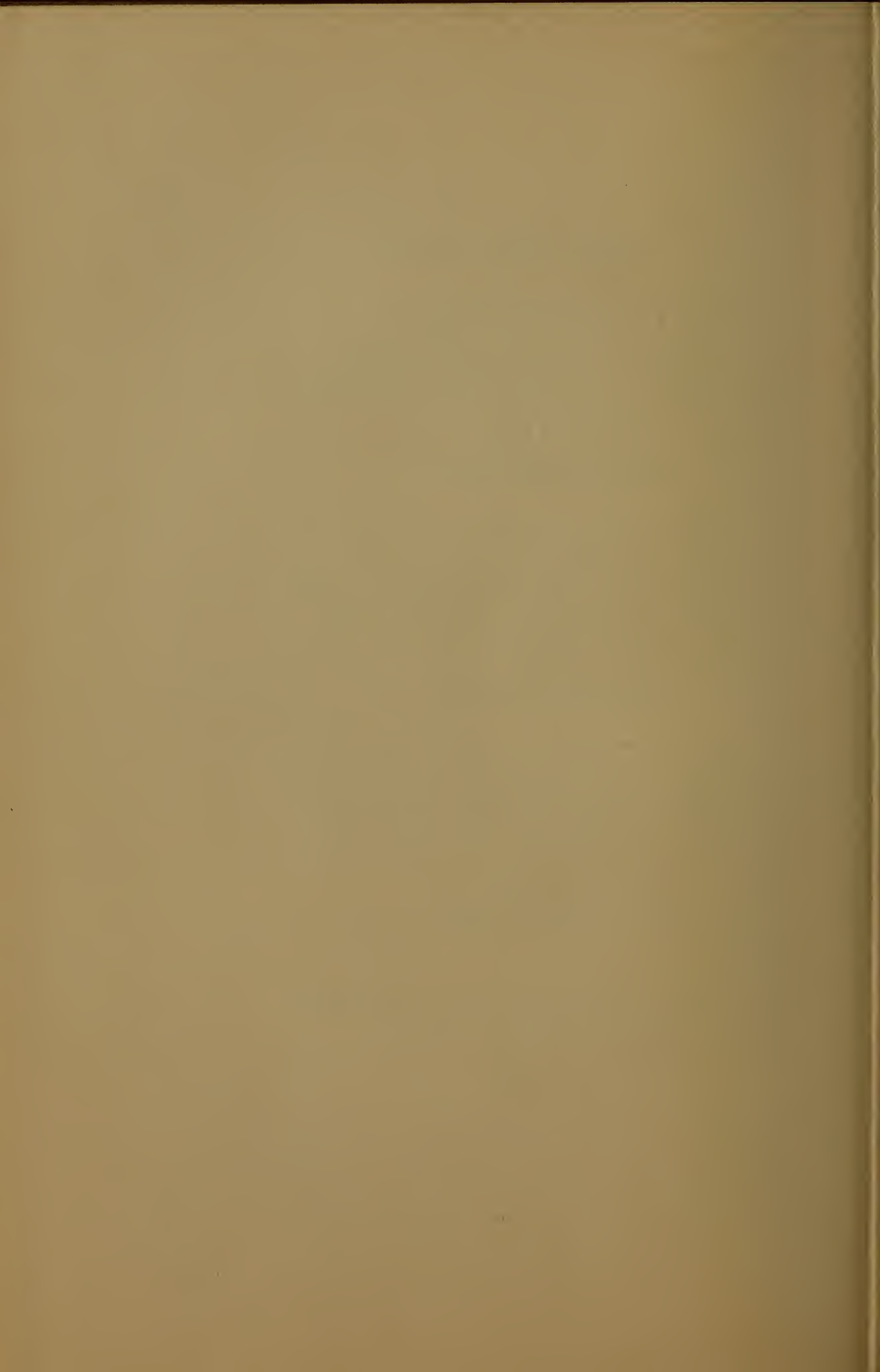
## FOR YOUR SAKE

OH, Love, if only I could bear  
Whate'er of anguish, pain, despair,  
Which in this life may be your share,  
All would I take  
For your sweet sake !

How willingly would I shed tears  
Your eyes to keep undimmed for years,  
Their quiet depths unstirred by fears :  
My own should ache  
For your sweet sake !

Your heart to save from one love-throe,  
Whose poignant touch is keenest woe,  
My own should bear the bitter blow,  
Aye, even break  
For your sweet sake !

Yea — I would yield my soul the price  
To gain for yours its paradise,





## POEMS AND SONNETS

Exulting in all sacrifice  
That I could make  
For your sweet sake !



## SHE AND I

ONCE she and I, when both were young,  
Went forth the summer fields among,  
Through clover-knots tied by the breeze,  
And overhung by thirsty bees.

I see her now as then, my Sweet,  
The tangled blossoms at her feet,  
And hear again upon the grass  
Her gown, soft trailing, as I pass.

“A veritable Cupid’s day,”  
Methinks once more I hear her say;  
And surely must that little god  
With us have walked the scented sod.

For at her words, so lightly said,  
Love in my breast an arrow sped,  
And not content, he wounded, too,  
The girl’s fair bosom. Then he flew



## POEMS AND SONNETS

Light-winged away ; but in each heart,  
At even depth he left a dart,  
And ever since, in vain we try  
To find who loves most — she or I !



## IN TIME OF SPRING

A SUDDEN gush of song from yonder bird

Just heard,

Of virgin bloom the faint, sweet scent,

At heart a rush of rich content, —

Perfume and song

To Spring belong !

With clear and tender eyes the upper blue

Looks through

The glow of peach boughs, snow of pear,

To greet the glad signs everywhere

Upon the earth

Of vernal birth.

A gentle fall of rain among new leaves,

The eaves

Athrong with sparrows all intent

On noisy, swift accomplishment,

With chattering,

And restless wing.

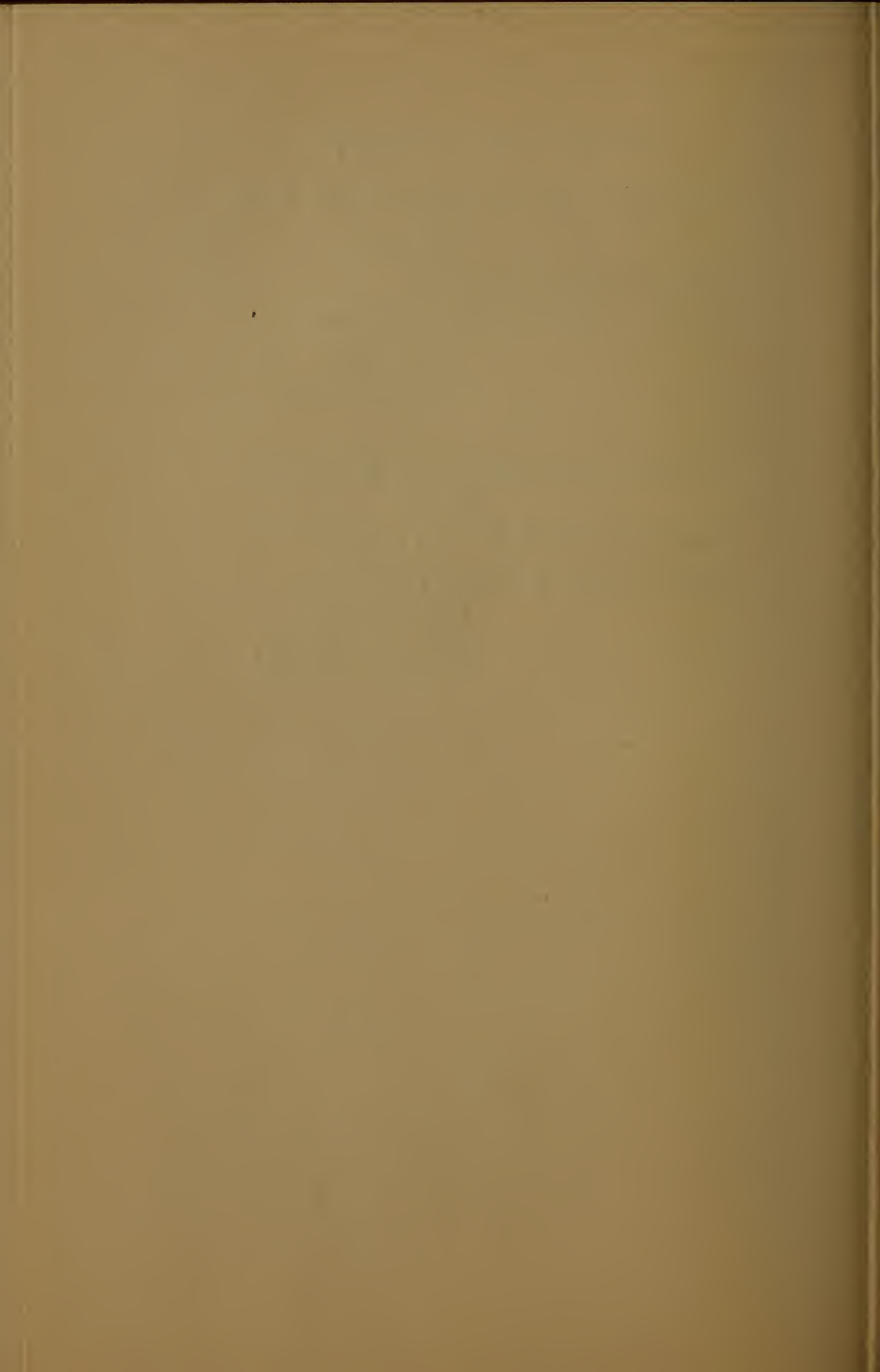




## POEMS AND SONNETS

The fragrant breath of willows by the brook,  
That look  
Upon their beauty underseen  
In limpid depths o'er which they lean  
With a caress  
Of gratefulness.

In human hearts, praise for the gift of life  
Is rife;  
The soul-life which for man a place  
Holds foremost in creation's grace, —  
High prophecy  
For you, — for me !



## UNSUNG

DEEP in my heart there lies a hidden song  
    I fain would sing,  
And give the world what to its strain belong  
    Of comforting.

Since in it there are tears for every woe,  
    With smiles of cheer,  
And strength for those whose trembling footsteps go  
    Behind a bier.

It sings of light to gloom, and leaveth joy  
    To find the way  
By which sweet patience can some good decoy  
    From each new day.

And through it all again, and yet again,  
    The measure swings  
To that triumphant sound of Life's Amen,  
    The Flight of Wings!



## TO MY PORTRAIT

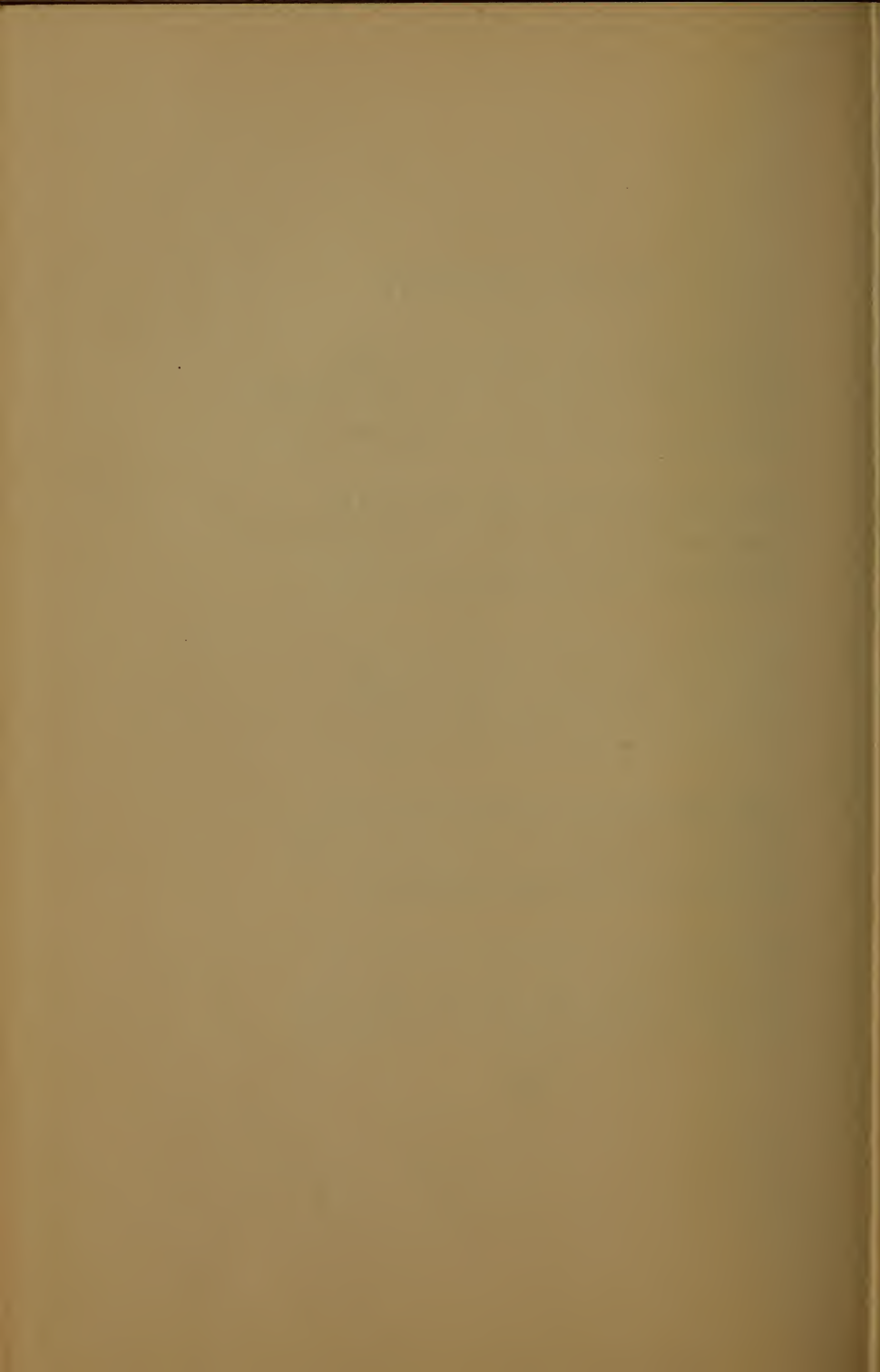
O LITTLE child with soulful eyes of blue,  
And curls that seem with sunshine woven through,  
And mouth so sweetly sad — I once was you!

As you, in golden hours that have sped by,  
I chased the shadow-clouds beneath the sky,  
And knew to live was sweeter than to die.

As you I tasted first the joy that springs  
From ever reaching up to higher things,  
And felt the longing aspiration brings.

I then believed that all mankind was good,  
And man condemned was man misunderstood,  
All Human-born one loyal brotherhood.

The woman in the child then led the way,  
No doubts confronting, what she might essay  
To make her all she yearned to be some day.



## POEMS AND SONNETS

What minimum of Time do mortals own —  
How swiftly by the restless hours have flown, —  
And, lo ! the child to-day a woman grown !

Yet, little child-self, well I know thou art  
My gladdest self, of me the happiest part,  
For this I hold thee close within my heart.

And if the years be many or be few,  
Yet mine in which ideals to pursue,  
The woman, wiser, leans, O child, on you !





## UNDERSTOOD

TOGETHER on the sands —  
The wet, gray stretch of sands —  
We stood with unclasped hands.

Through fault of Fate apart,  
Yet near, and though apart,  
I held you in my heart ;

And by your eyes I knew,  
Your deep true eyes, I knew, —  
You did not misconstrue.

A sea-gull o'er us flew,  
Sea-dipped, and o'er us flew ;  
Then up-sped toward the blue.

Our wingèd speech flew by,  
Words thistle-light flew by ;  
Yet you knew — so did I —



## POEMS AND SONNETS

Beneath the smile, the sigh,  
The tear, the stifled sigh,  
The laugh that stilled a cry.

And as the sun sank low,  
All red the sun sank low,  
You paled and turned to go.

Then on the sands I wrote,  
Close to your feet I wrote,  
One word which might denote

How dear you were ! How fair,  
How near, how far, how fair,—  
Ah, depths of my despair !

Dear Love ! So true, so good,  
So high, so pure, so good,  
You read — and understood !



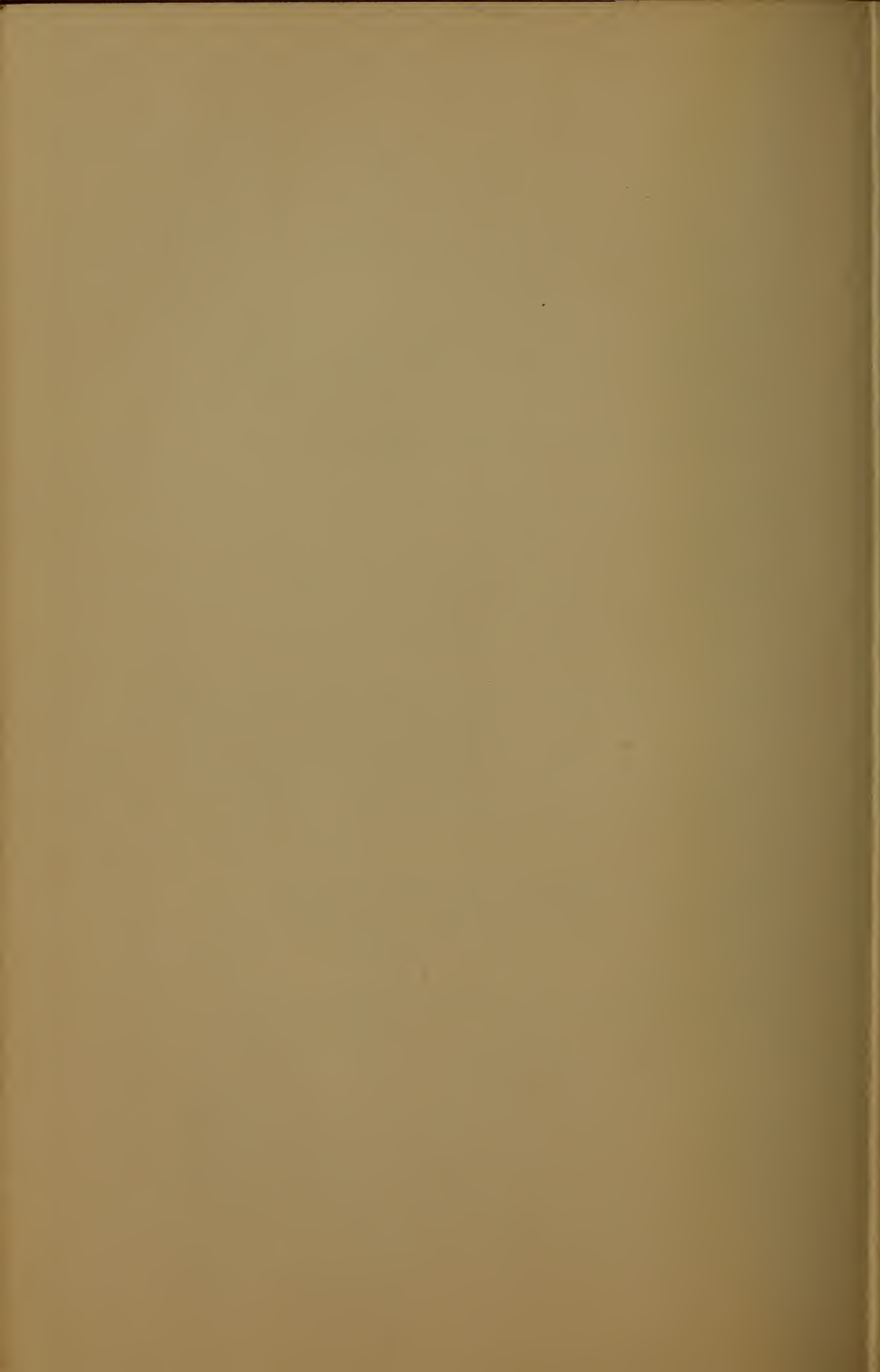
## THE RIVER OF TEARS

A FAR-FLOWING stream is the River of Tears,  
Which ever has flowed and forever will flow  
Through sorrowful ways of the infinite years,  
Its deep waters fed by Humanity's woe.

A terrible stream is the River of Tears,  
Whose depths reflect piteous faces of grief,  
Embittered, distorted, made ghastly by fears,  
Or tragic with patience untouched by relief.

A heart-breaking sound has the River of Tears,  
In one, blending Misery's cries of distress :  
Along its drear course no bright blossom appears,  
Its breezes are shuddering sighs that oppress.

Sweep mournfully on, sacred River of Tears,  
In which Divine eyes with compassion have  
wept :  
To Sorrow is hallowed thy name which endears  
The anguish of mem'ries thy bosom hath kept.



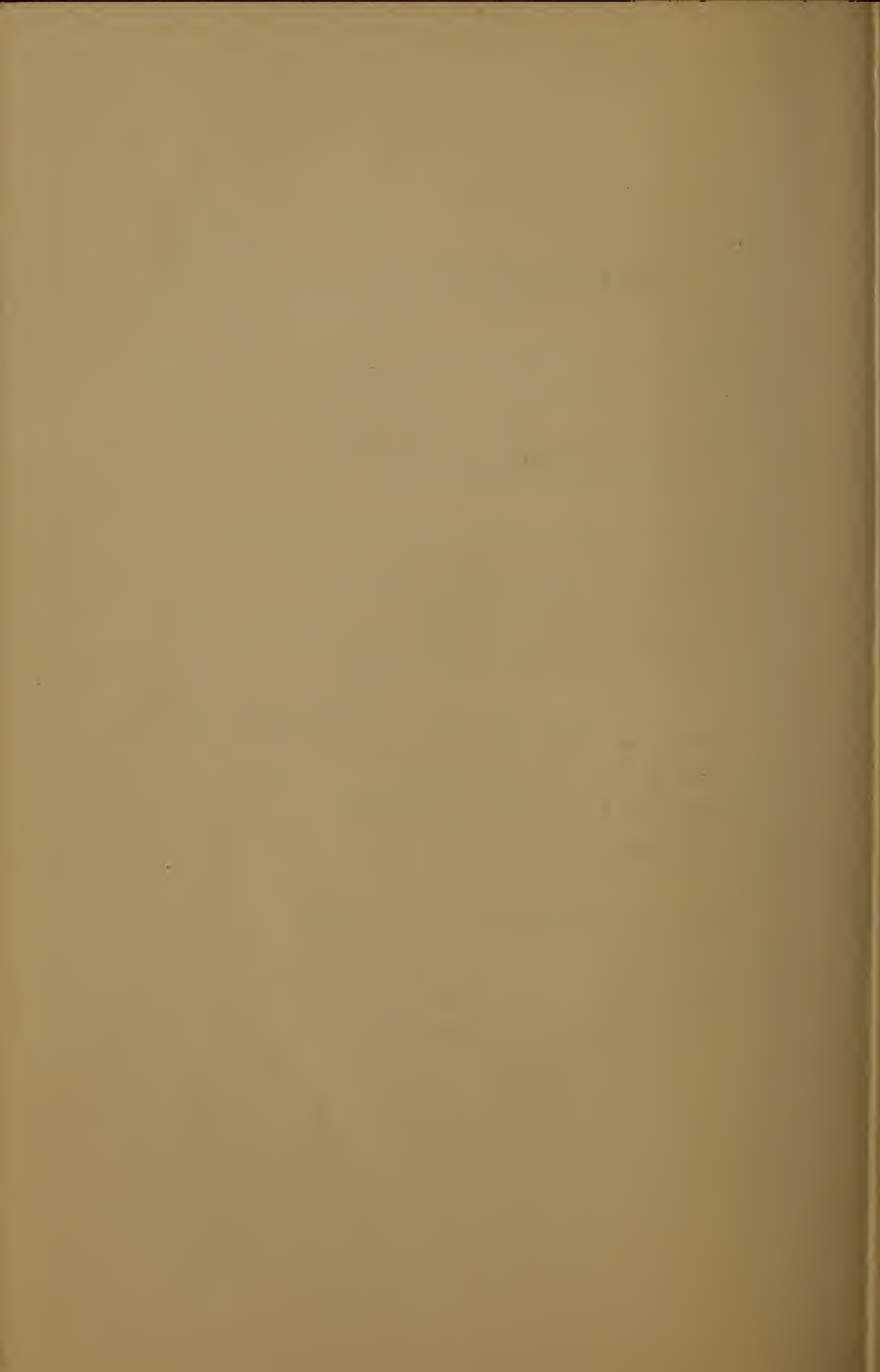
## MEMORIAL LILIES

SOFTLY fall in tuneful patter,  
Where the fountain ever grieves,  
Showering drops which thickly spatter  
Masses cool of humid leaves.

Round about its basin whitely,  
Shedding fragrance, lilies stand,  
Southern lilies, tall and sightly,  
Like fair maidens hand to hand.

Restful is it here to linger  
By the waters' lulling play,  
When the Night has laid her finger  
On the noisy lips of Day.

Here the humming-moth comes wooing  
Sweetness from the lily-lips,  
Heeding not the mist-bedewing  
Of his wings as lured he sips.





## POEMS AND SONNETS

And the night winds here come sighing  
Through the tree-tops widely spread,  
And the rustling leaves are trying  
To repeat sad things they said.

Through them moonbeams downward sifting  
Light the fountain's upward flow  
Where leaf-shadows cast are shifting  
On the waters to and fro.

Here the mocking songster falters,  
In his flight to linger long,  
Bringing to these floral altars  
Wild exuberance of song.

With successive summers springing,  
Here the faithful lilies grow,  
Tender memories ever bringing  
Of a girl who loved them so,

That she wore them in the olden  
Days upon her bosom fair,  
Intertwisted with the folden  
Kerchief she was wont to wear.



## POEMS AND SONNETS

Their aroma lingered faintly  
In each spot where she had been,  
Calling up a vision saintly  
Of her loveliness serene.

For this stately, vanished maiden,  
Dead, ah ! many years ago,  
Bloom the lilies, perfume-laden,  
Drips the fountain's mellow woe !



## THREE-SCORE YEARS AND TEN

(TO B. A. L.)

God's gift of years to-day is thine,  
As written in the Book Divine,  
Which, could I live as thou hast, then  
I, too, would reach three-score and ten !

How helpful thou hast been, and good  
To others, all thy womanhood,  
A selfishness for which, I ken,  
Thy looks defy three-score and ten !

Most bravely hast thou trod life's ways,  
To gain the summit of thy days,  
Ennobling for thy fellowmen  
The stretch of years, three-score and ten !

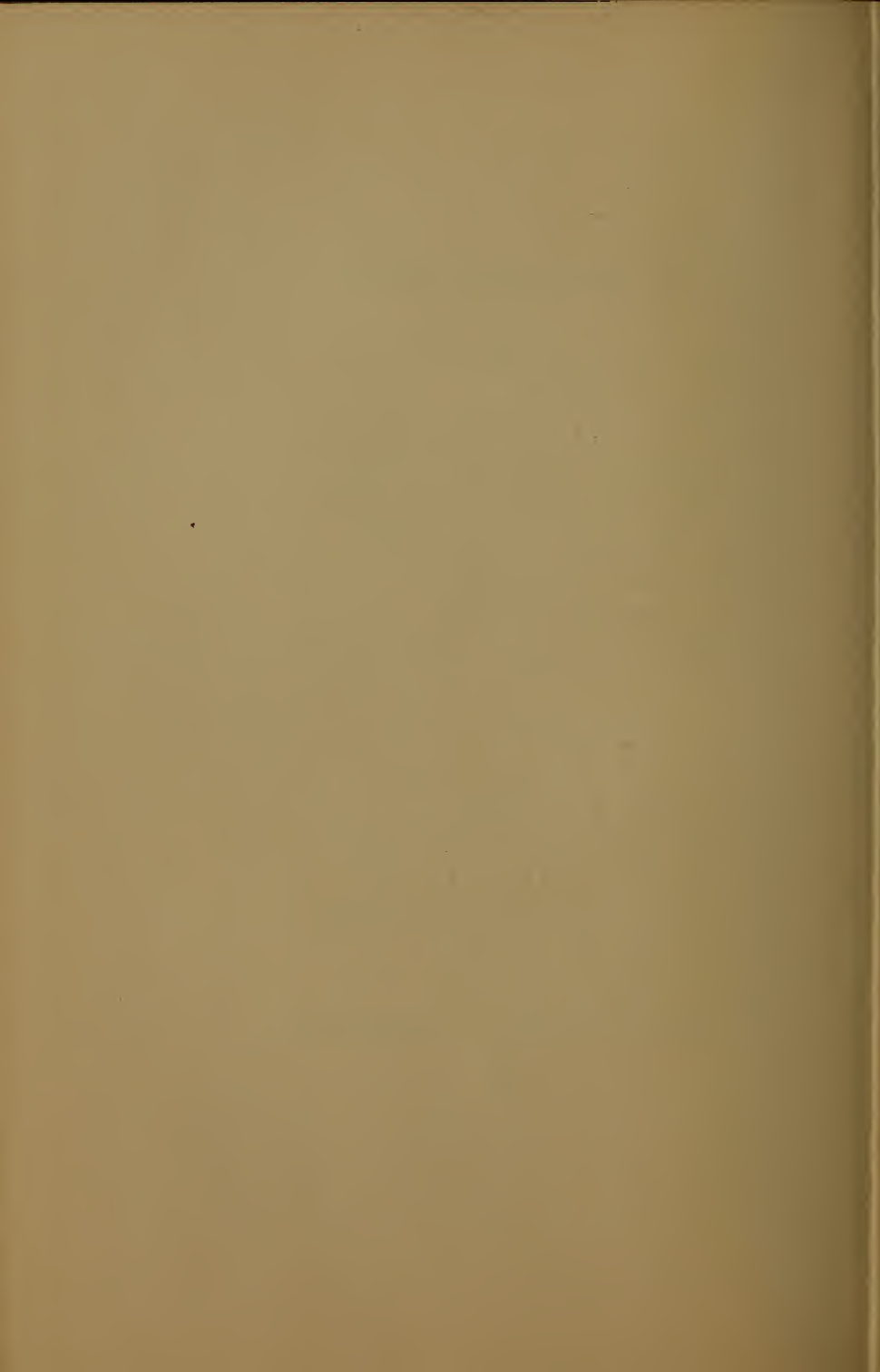
Rest not as yet ! A grander sight  
Awaits thee from a farther height,  
With heaven as surely seen as when  
'T was thine at three-score years and ten !



## A CHRISTMAS DITTY

HANG high, hang low,  
The mistletoe  
From the centre rafter,  
And let the candles gleam and glow ;  
This night of nights we are to know  
The happy paths to laughter !  
Oh, Christmas time  
Of cheer and chime,  
What is there like the Christmas time ?

Swing overhead  
The holly red,  
Set the music ringing —  
Then gayly may the dancers tread  
Hour after hour till all are sped,  
And toward the bygone winging.  
Oh, Christmas time  
Of cheer and chime,  
What is there like the Christmas time ?





## POEMS AND SONNETS

Let hearts beat light  
This Christmas night,  
Full of praise and pleasure, —  
What matters it if Time takes flight?  
When life is young and eyes are bright,  
Allegro in its measure!  
Oh, Christmas time  
Of cheer and chime,  
What is there like the Christmas time?

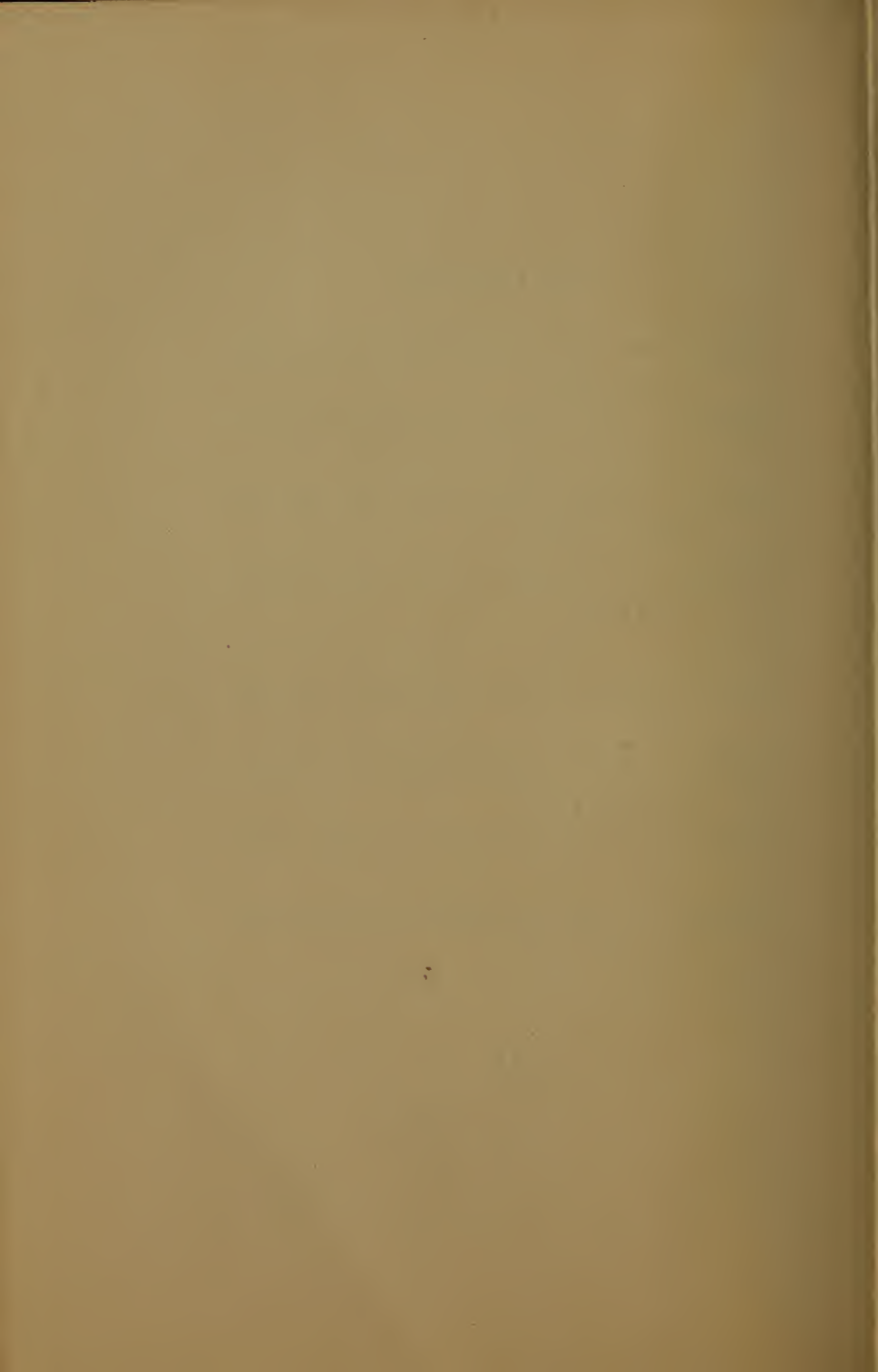
Oh, may we hear  
Throughout the year  
Echoes growing, growing,  
Of all the peace, good-will and cheer,  
Which unto us these hours endear,  
While Yuletide fires are glowing.  
Oh, Christmas time  
Of cheer and chime,  
What is there like the Christmas time?



## MY CHOICE

COULD I have claimed at midnight, at the parting  
of the years,  
Some boon of the To-morrows, as they hung above  
the biers  
Of the Yesterdays, their sisters, my soul had  
known no fears  
Of aught that they might hold for me of anguish  
or of tears.

Even prescience of blisses kept hidden from my  
view  
Could not have changed the one desire which in  
my being grew,  
A new and splendid courage for whatever might  
ensue,  
To have them grant my fervent prayer, and yield  
me only — you !



## WHITHER

BLOW, blow, March wind, blow steadfast far, and  
find her,

Nor loiter in thy seeking here nor there;  
Blow open wide the cloud-gates closed behind  
her,

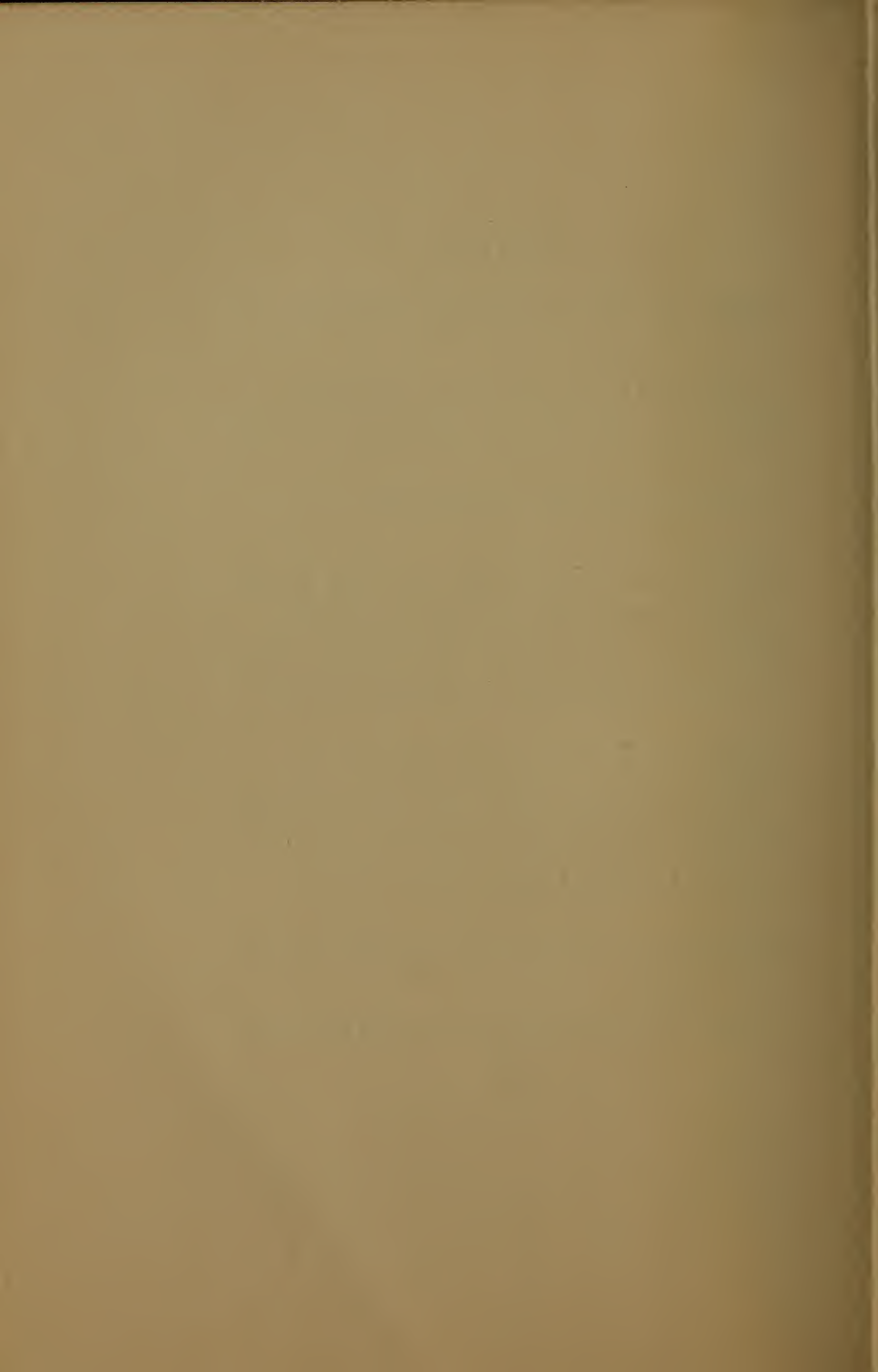
And loyal unto her a message bear.

Didst thou not wail the night that she lay dying,  
Sea-held apart from me in Southern France,  
While I bent low in prayer with soul outcrying,  
Implored to be denied this dire mischance ?

Despite shut ears I heard the rushing faster,  
Fast, faster sweep across the brine-steeped sea,  
At ghastly dawn thy whispered word, " Disaster,"  
Came heralding Death's ultimate decree.

Speed on thy errand, March winds, haste and tell  
her,

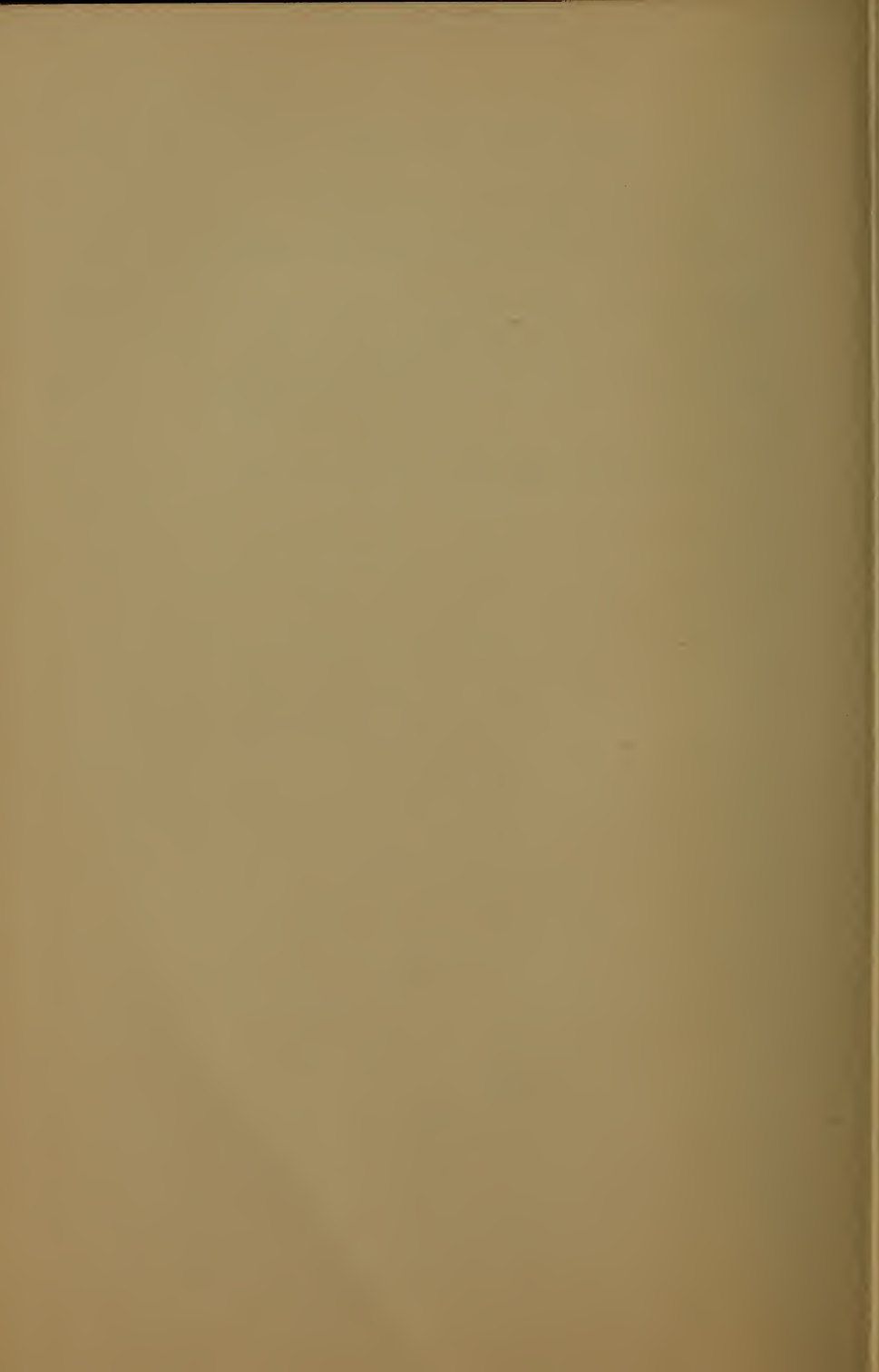
Love has for her but stronger grown with pain ;



## POEMS AND SONNETS

I, left on earth appointed to out-dwell her,  
Strive on, Hope-fed, to clasp her close again.

With eyes, swept free of tears, to follow after,  
Lest I should miss the way whereby she led,  
And heartache braved by lips that part in laughter,  
I know that she still lives, — 't is I am dead.





## SURRENDER

A TRENCHANT sense of loss, reborn each day,  
Is left by Death to mar life's former grace,  
And joy but half reveals her radiant face  
When grief has come forevermore to stay.

To-day the sunlight slants a tarnished ray,  
In bygone, glad, remembered years unseen ;  
For severant Death stands then and now be-  
tween,  
And grief has come forevermore to stay.

An undertone of sadness thrills for aye  
Through stricken hearts, from nature's glad-  
dest moods,  
And whispers in her tranquil solitudes  
That grief has come forevermore to stay.

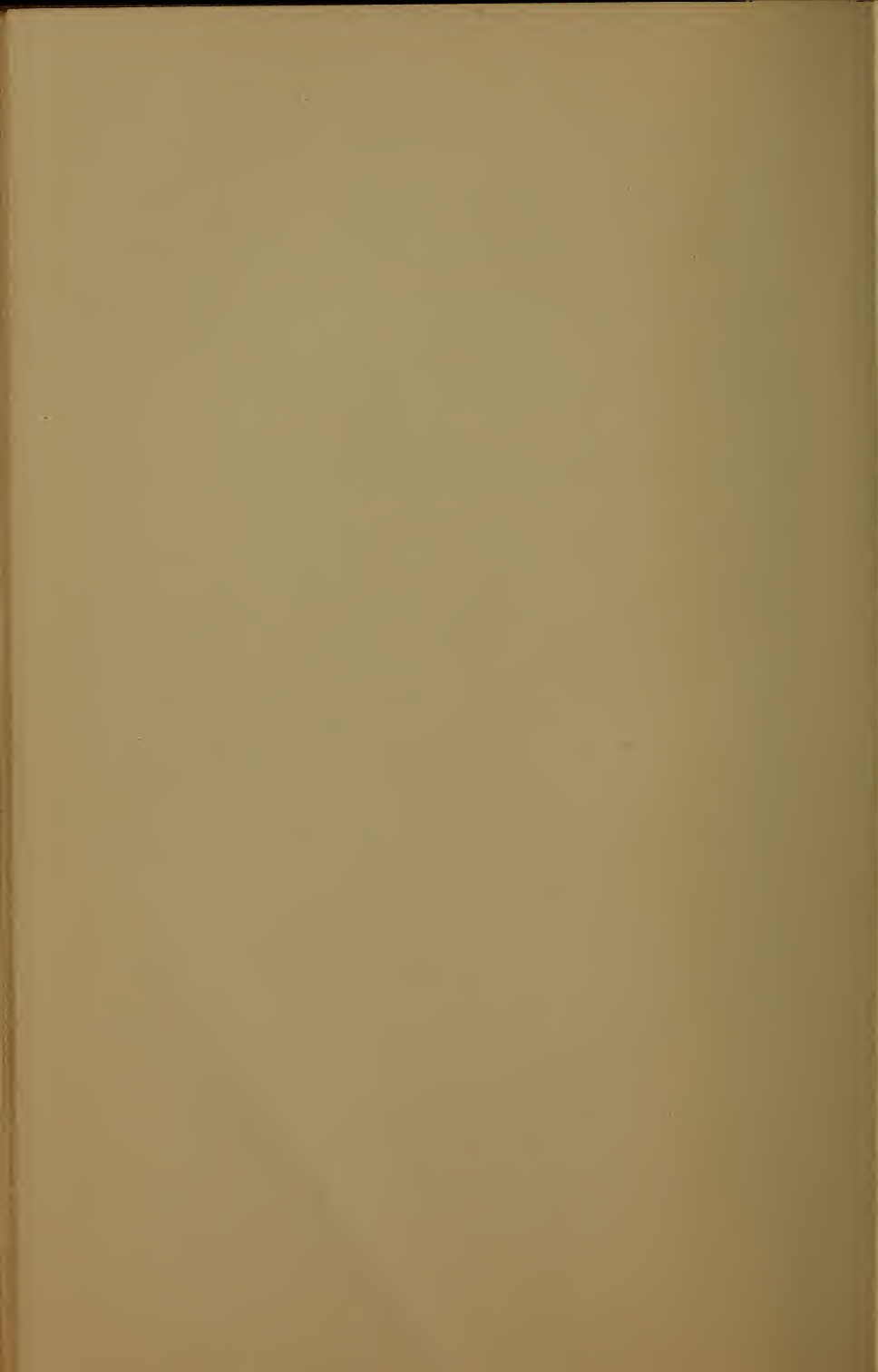
Made tenderer by loss, one hides away  
From happy eyes the sorrow near one's own,



## POEMS AND SONNETS

And in heart-desolation braves alone  
The grief that comes forevermore to stay.

Who trusteth knows the precious mortal clay,  
    Confided to the silence of God's care,  
    Needs not our tears in those deep mysteries,  
        where  
No grief shall come forevermore to stay !



## DESIDERATUM

LIFE holds for mortals generous store  
Of love requited, friends well met,  
Joys manifold and blessings, — yet  
None are content ; and you and I,  
For all we give and may receive,  
However much, do both conceive  
Of more, still more, to satisfy.

This underyearning felt by men,  
This mystic, restless, veiled desire  
For something surer, finer, higher,  
Than is in this world's fairest bond, —  
This undefined, insatiate need  
Belongs to no one caste or creed —  
This cry of Soul for Life Beyond !



## LOUISIANA

LOUISIANA ! At thy name  
The voices of thy sons unite  
To swear allegiance and proclaim  
That each for thee upholds the Right.  
Louisiana ! At thy call  
Thy sons assemble for defense,  
Inspired to conquer or to fall  
For "Justice, Union, Confidence !"  
Louisiana, Louisiana !

Louisiana ! Sacred be  
The soil where thy first martyrs bled  
For the great cause of Liberty,  
Whom Clio named immortal dead.  
Louisiana ! May thy youth  
Remember valiant Lafrenière, —  
Their lives imperil for the truth,  
Supported by a people's prayer ;  
Louisiana, Louisiana !





## POEMS AND SONNETS

Louisiana ! For thy sake

What deeds of valor have been done ;

What mem'ries of thy past awake, —

Of battles fought, of glory won !

Louisiana ! At Chalmette

Thy manhood proved itself of yore,

And heroes, they, let none forget,

Of eighteen seventy and four ;

Louisiana, Louisiana !

Louisiana ! On thy field

France proudly raised the Fleur-de-lis,

Then Spain her Castled-Lion Shield,

With haughty mien, waved over thee.

Louisiana ! Thou hast seen

Great England's banner in retreat ;

No foreign flag since then hath been

In freedom's Land to risk defeat ;

Louisiana, Louisiana !



## VAN DEVEREUX

O SILENT heart and dauntless spirit fled,  
How rich the merit of thy years on earth  
They know who knew and loved thee well;  
thy worth  
The crown to-day upon thy prostrate head :  
No laurel leaves, for which Ambition plead,  
Were greater credit to thy gentle birth,  
And for the early loss of thee no dearth  
Of tears shall fall upon thy earth-made bed.

To Him returns the soul He did create  
For earthly bonds, but held for Heaven free,—  
And she who mourns above the fresh-laid sod  
Of one brought forth for manhood's proud estate  
Will bear, with sanctity, the thought that she  
Hath not her children reared for man, but God !



## BEAUTY-DENIED

POOR weedling ! you have known the sun and rain  
As other blooms endowed more beauteously ;  
Yet like to these can never grow to be,  
Strive as you may such graces to attain.  
The purpose of your growing to explain,  
Man, in his finite knowledge, holds no key ;  
But, your part filled in some divine decree,  
You have not lived your little life in vain.

Thou human-born with naught of beauty thine,  
Yet daily facing grace denied, who knows  
What compensation Life, become divine,  
Hereafter to that noble patience owes,  
Which can to partial laws its days resign,  
And, smiling, brave a grief it never shows ?



## WITHHOLDMENT

WHAT riches for bestowal all possess !

Each nature holds wherewith to meet the need  
Of other natures ; man, devoid of creed,  
Hath in himself this much of Christliness.

Alas ! That ears which hear mark not distress,  
And hands hang listless for the waiting deed  
To which wide-open eyes give careless heed,  
Withholding much, though much empowered  
to bless.

On earth are those with human wants who live  
Impoverished for the time we will not spare,  
Who ask nor yearn for charity of pelf ;  
Who crave the succor tenderness could give,  
Of fellow-sympathy a larger share,  
A nobler generosity of Self.





MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

SUPREME the natal day which marks the birth  
Of one whose brows were destined for the  
bay, —

A poet-soul enshrined in mortal clay  
And sent of God to hearten men on earth !  
But for these mission-born, how great the dearth  
Of grace had been along Life's prosing way ;  
That lack of inspiration, day on day,  
Bereft of Poethood's exalted worth !

Thou sovereign singer ever voicing Right,  
How rich the warm compassion of thy song !  
Thy vivid words resounding full and strong  
An ecstasy of listening excite.  
To Genius, crowned with an immortal light,  
Thy woman's heart and manful brain belong ;  
And I press forward from the honoring throng  
To render proud obeisance to thy might.



## SEPTEMBER

ONCE more thy birth month lingers in the year,  
September, whose free hands hold forth re-  
prieves

To weary husbandmen who bind her sheaves,  
That Toil may blend thanksgiving with good  
cheer.

Resplendent over-head the moon its clear,  
Full beauty and refulgence now achieves,  
And of its nights of darkness earth relieves  
To swirl in constant light, a golden sphere.

And thou? Along earth-ways we two have trod, —  
But I remain; yet never from my heart  
Art thou away; ingathered fondly there  
The harvest of thy teaching leads to God,  
Helps me to strive on to be thy counterpart,  
And grants to desolation no despair.



## SUPPLICATION

IN life, whenever absent each from each,  
The privilege was left to gain fond trace  
Of thee, and days retained a helpful grace  
With distance strongly bridged by written  
speech.

Now, mortal sight cannot thy spirit reach ;  
Beyond all search thy Soul's abiding-place ;  
No glimpse revealed of thy immortal face  
For which the whole of Being doth beseech.

Art thou so far removed thou canst not hear  
The yearning and the heart-break in the cry  
Of lonely years, bereft of thee, below ?  
Is thy Hereafter so complete, no tear  
From sorrowing eyes can ever justify  
The silence broken so that Love shall know ?



## AN ANNIVERSARY

FOR years, dear heart, have April skies o'erhead,  
In all their variable beauty shone,  
Now bright with sun and now with clouds  
o'erstrewn,  
Since we, beloved, with hand in hand, were wed.  
How swift for us hath been the eager tread  
Of day on day to form the years full-blown  
From that one hour when, for all time thine  
own,  
I joyous to the altar went, love-led.

E'en though another year an April sky  
Should bend above but one of us below,  
Convinced, Death could not part us, thou and I,  
Contented I would be the first to go ;  
Sustained by the belief that no good-bye  
Awaits us in the eternal After-Glow.





## CONSOLATION

DOUBT not the tenderness of God who gave  
Thee joy complete in love-life here below,  
The memory of which would make thee show  
A faith supreme to keep thee always brave.  
From thy Beloved divided by a grave,  
Let not earth-ways be darkened by thy woe,  
But gladly feel thou and thy Love shall know  
The after-recognition thou dost crave.

Smile bravely on ; tread nobly lonesome ways ;  
Let not devotion in thine eyes burn dim ;  
Toward some perfected bliss beyond, above,  
Tend, ever nearer, all thy life-left days.  
God-given, now God-taken, trust in Him  
To clasp thine own again, — for God is Love.



## TRIBUTE

SINCE thou hast walked beside me these few years,  
And I my fate have intertwined with thine,  
I know how love partakes of the divine ;  
In saying " Courage " when the soul knows fears,  
In whispering " Comfort " when sad eyes hold  
tears,  
In lifting one above that crooked line  
To which hard care would fain a life confine,  
E'en while the hopeless spirit perseveres :  
Thou hast done this, and more, for me, strong  
heart,  
And for the love-light shining in thine eyes,  
I would not even for a kingdom part ;  
Well knowing I retain the greatest prize,  
Since having thee, and knowing what thou art,  
I surer am of God beyond the skies.



## REVELATION

How like a dying waste of flow'rs is Life,  
When you are not beside me, O my Love,  
And darkened seems the blue of skies above,  
Existence but an ugly endless strife,  
In which no sun, but shadows pale are rife,  
And where the palled ambitions vainly rove,  
While grief and nameless yearnings deeper  
shove  
Their keen pangs in the bosom, like a knife !

And now, my heart I open to declare  
Of what Life is beside you, dearest one,  
Its tender and remotest cell I bare  
To prove how sweet is Life with Love begun :  
Its beauty and its glory then compare  
But to a field of poppies in the sun !



## WITHHELD

ALAS ! these perfect days with love confessed,  
To know such cruel miles stretch out between  
Thyself and me ; that there must intervene  
Long years, ere clasped again to thy dear breast  
I in that soulful moment re-possest  
Of thee shall reign forever as thy queen,  
And shall against thy heart enraptured lean,  
Forgiving Time to-day's supreme unrest !  
By faith kept strong, be brave, content to wait ;  
In unison with thine my pulses beat,  
And though my soul to thine responded late,  
Because in yesterdays we did not meet,  
For this, the days to come shall compensate,  
And one To-morrow render life complete !





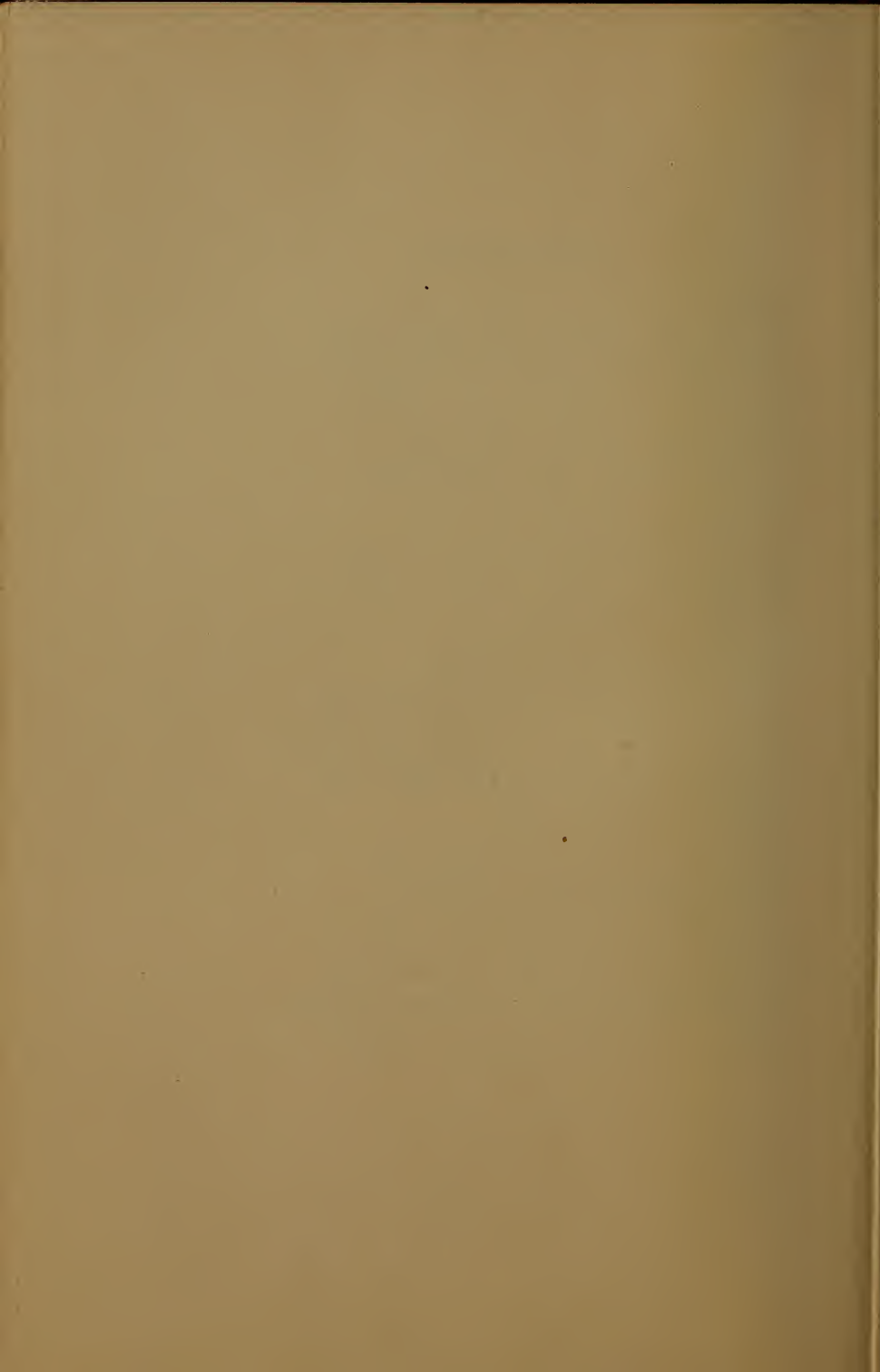
## THY LETTER

As to a sick girl, long shut in a room  
With drug-beladen air and wasting pain,  
Invigorating odors from the main  
Come leaping with each billow's briny spume, —  
As o'er the heated earth a-sudden loom  
Storm clouds down-sending dashes of cool rain,  
Imparting vigor which brings back again  
Its swooning growth to a transplendent bloom, —  
So come thy precious lines to me to-day,  
Clipped pages from Love's volume eloquent,  
O'er which my happy eyes requited stray;  
And should my sky be blackly overbent,  
Thy tenderness will be an undimmed ray  
To pierce the darkness of Life's firmament.



## PERPETUITY

O NATURE! holding in thy tender charge  
The land, the sea, and fair exalting skies,  
I, who have ever lived so near to thee,  
Do dedicate my body to thy care,  
To add, if but by one, to bladed sods,  
Or one unto the petals of a rose,  
Or one to graces of thy swaying boughs.  
So may I be in all thy wondrous whole,  
If only some infinitesimal part,  
Share thine illimitable loveliness,  
Thy glories and thy gladnesses of growth!  
But that which is my soul must, past the stars  
To God, who bade it be, take eager flight,  
Eternal continuity to gain,  
As its reward for severed mortal ties,  
For its upyielded potency of breath,  
For its fate-broken happiness of earth,  
To win, by life and death, divine response  
To this hope-haunting and insistent thought, —  
“No part of me but shall forever live!”









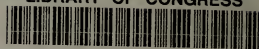
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